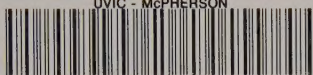


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ANCONA.

A HOLIDAY IN UMBRIA

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF URBINO AND
THE CORTEGIANO OF CASTIGLIONE

By SIR THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, Bt.

R.A., F.S.A.

HON. D.C.L. OF OXFORD; HON. LL.D. OF CAMBRIDGE

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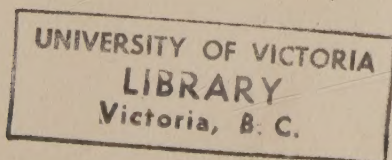
ASSOCIÉ DE L'ACADÉMIE ROYALE
DE BELGIQUE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1917



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MEMORIAM
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PREFACE

THIS book is the result of two visits, in 1881 and 1888, made in happier days to a part of Italy little known to travelling Britons, but not inferior to any in historical associations and in beauty of nature and art. There are important Roman remains at Rimini, Fano, Ancona, and in the Passo del Furlo, near the scene of Hasdrubal's defeat which saved the Roman State. The architecture of the Middle Ages is represented by the churches of Ancona, Gubbio, and others, and the earlier and most interesting period of the Renaissance by Alberti's work at Rimini, and the ducal palaces of Urbino, Pesaro, and Gubbio.

The Duchy of Urbino was the birthplace of Raffaele and Bramante, and the home of the most brilliant and humane court of Italy, if not of Europe. Unlike most Italian princes, who have left behind them a record of treachery and cruelty, the rulers of Urbino deserved and enjoyed the respect and love of their subjects. Castiglione has given us in his *Cortegiano* a picture of the graceful and refined society at

the Court of Guidobaldo, where he spent the happiest years of his life. His book is now little read, and the brief abstract of it in these pages will, it is hoped, be found interesting. Besides portraying the ideal gentleman as then conceived—a picture in the main not less true for our own day—the *Cortegiano* throws a valuable light on the views of the society of that time on many other subjects. We find women no longer worshipped with the idolatry of chivalry, but criticized with freedom, and their character and capacities variously estimated, praised by some and depreciated by others. The French are depicted as restless and impetuous, despisers of learning, and caring only for arms. The clergy come in for unlimited satire, far beyond anything in Chaucer or Boccaccio. The jumping Cardinal, the practical joking Cardinal, the lascivious priest pass as a matter of course. There is more malice in the suggestion that such-a-one had he stayed in Rome might have become a Cardinal, he was so wicked; and that Cardinals are prayed for in church on Good Friday in the collect for heretics and schismatics. Friars are a regular butt for the wit of Bibbiena, but they are denounced by Il Magnifico Giuliano de' Medici as cursed mischief-making hypocrites, and this is the only instance in the book where playful satire passes into a bitter mood.

There is perhaps no other book that brings the reader so intimately into touch with the living men and women of four hundred years ago. As we read we become of the party ourselves; we know the several speakers; we appreciate their different views; we turn to the door when interrupted by the trampling of feet and the blaze of lights which announce the arrival of the youthful Prefetto, and we rise with surprise when daylight peeps through the chinks of the shutters and finds us still in the midst of our pleasant talk.

The story of the Duchy is usefully collected in Dennistoun's *Dukes of Urbino*, but I have referred when I could to the original authorities, and to the archives at Pesaro, Urbino, and Ancona. Sir T. Hoby's translation of the *Cortegiano* in 1561 has been re-edited with an introduction by Sir W. Raleigh, to which I am much indebted. Other works to which I have referred will be found mentioned in the notes.

A few of the illustrations are from photographs; the rest are from my own sketches.

T. G. J.

EAGLE HOUSE, WIMBLEDON

28 August 1916

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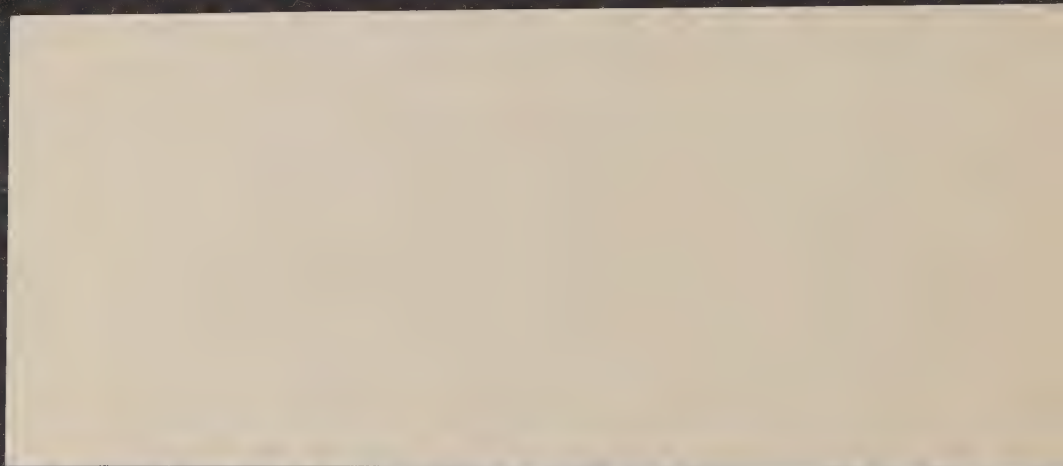
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ERRATA.

Page 21, line 10, *for* "un bel bastonato" *read* "una bella bastonata."

Page 159, line 22, *for* "come" *read* "comes."



A HOLIDAY IN UMBRIA

CHAPTER I

THE ADRIATIC COAST OF ITALY—RIMINI—THE ITALIAN DESPOTS

THE eastern shores of Italy do not offer to the mere tourist the attractions of the Ligurian Riviera. There is no Monte Carlo where fortunes can be made only to be lost, no Casino for the butterfly of fashion, there are no smart hotels with long bills for luxuries that one could well do without, no gay promenades with gardens and bandstands. The coast is lashed by the wild Adriatic, here casting up mire and dirt, very different from the crystal depths and transcendent azure of the same sea on the rocky Dalmatian shores opposite. It is a rough sea to navigate, as Horace frequently reminds us. Lydia tells her lover he is more passionate than the naughty Adriatic, the poets generally give it a bad name, and after many long journeys upon it, I can testify that it still lives up to its ancient reputation.

1

For those, however, who have no taste for places of fashionable resort, there is no part of Italy that offers more attractions, not only by its historical associations, but by the many interesting monuments of art in which it abounds.

From the lagoons of Venice southward the coast is low and flat, a watery land, intersected by the numerous mouths of the Po and the Adige, whose delta is pushed out well into the sea. The Apennines lie far away, and there is a wide expanse of flat country before it reaches the foot of the isolated volcanic mass of the Euganean Hills and Monte Venda, where, in the little village street of Arqua, Petrarch lies in his sarcophagus of red marble. It is not till we have passed Ravenna and her pine-clad shores, and crossed the Rubicon into Umbria that the Apennines again approach the seaboard. Even at Rimini and Pesaro there is still a considerable expanse of low land between the hills and the sea, and it is not till the mighty rock of Ancona is reached that the mountains come actually down to the coast.

From Rimini, which lies a little way within the Umbrian border, distant views may be had of romantic and strangely shaped mountain masses in the interior, on one of which is seated the tiny republic of SAN MARINO, the home of freedom and autocracy from the days of the fall of the Roman Empire, and now our gallant ally; for San

Marino has entered into the present world's struggle and declared war on Austria, the hereditary foe. The little army of forty men mentioned in Murray's *Guide* of 1863 had grown to the respectable number of two thousand at the time of Mr. Theodore Bent's visit in 1877,¹ and I have no doubt it will give a good account of itself in the present war.

Of all the many commonwealths that flourished in Italy after the fall of the great central power, San Marino alone, with the exception of Venice, did not come under the rule of what the Greeks called a Tyrant, but preserved its communal estate throughout the Middle Ages and down to this day. The Dukes of Urbino, within whose Duchy the little commonwealth was enclosed, were its Protectors, and undertook to accord "all possible aid and favour in the maintenance of its independence and freedom." In return the Republic engaged itself to regard the friends and foes of the Duke as their own, and to pay him due respect as their Protector.

Proud of their independence, the Sammarinesi addressed the Queen of the Adriatic as "our very dear sister, the most serene Republic of Venice." The simplicity of their manners is illustrated by the story of a Venetian who carried an appeal to

¹ *A Freak of Freedom, or the Republic of San Marino*, by J. T. Bent, honorary citizen of the same.

one of the Captains or Consuls of San Marino, whom he found treading grapes in his vineyard, and was promptly righted, and who afterwards spent months in recovering a debt in the courts at Venice; whence it passed into a proverb that a simple grape-treader of San Marino is worth far more than ten big-wigs at Venice.¹

S. Marino, the founder of this little state, was a stonemason from Arbe, an island in the Gulf of Quarnero, of which I have the happiest recollections, who retired to these solitudes at the time of Diocletian's persecution, and founded not the usual monastery but a republic, to be free and independent of all men, as he expressed it in his dying instructions.

The little capital stands on a volcanic hill of 2635 feet, and on other scarcely accessible pinacles of rock, something like the convents of Meteora in Greece, are perched the little towns of Maiola and San Leo, the last named on the ancient Mons Feretrius, the mediæval Montefeltro, that gave its name to a county, ruled by a famous family of which we shall have much to say.

Except for the monuments it contains of Roman and mediæval greatness, RIMINI is a dull uninviting town of rather mean streets, like Ravenna, which also is a shabby town with little general picturesqueness. At one end is

¹ Bent, *op. cit.* p. 260.

the Roman bridge, over which the town is entered by the old Via Æmilia, which comes from Piacenza, Parma, and Bologna, and is joined a little way off by the road from Ravenna. At the other end is the Roman arch, by which the road to Rome, the ancient Via Flaminia, leaves it. On the flat sandy shore is a *Stabilimento dei Bagni* built on a vast scale and seemingly out of proportion to the old city, which may have its season of gaiety, but at the time of our visit in October was closed, deserted, and melancholy. There is a little harbour, gay with the painted fishing craft of the Adriatic, at the mouth of the river Marecchio, which flows under the arches of the Roman bridge, and this is the most cheerful spot of modern Rimini, otherwise a dull town.

The bridge of five arches is said to have been begun by Augustus the year before his death, and to have been finished by Tiberius, A.D. 20. From the bridge the Corso Augusto leads in a straight line to the Porta Romana, the Roman arch, which commemorates the gratitude of the Senate and people to Augustus for the restoration of the Via Flaminia, B.C. 27. It is on a grand scale, and the architecture presents many irregularities, showing that Classic architects worked with greater liberty than the modern slaves of Vitruvius. Two Corinthian columns flank the

archway and carry an entablature which is broken forward over them. The pediment, however, does not spring from them, but lies back on the wall face, and entirely between these two projections (Plate II.). In the cornice the corona is entirely omitted, and the cymatium runs horizontally along the chord of the tympanum as well as on the raking pediment. The upper part has been added to in the Middle Ages, and is finished with the forked battlements of Italian military science. These alterations and additions have disturbed the dedicatory inscription, which is imperfect and disarranged, but one can still read in curious spelling :

. . . CELEBERRIMEIS ITALIAE VIEIS . . . LEIS.

Our visits to this part of Italy were unfortunate in the matter of weather, being rather too late in the year. The country at the head of the Adriatic has, I believe, the heaviest rainfall in Europe, and in the late autumn wet weather is prevalent. Travellers would do well to come to these parts in spring or early summer, though in the mountainous interior it is probably never too hot at any time. There is no distinctive costume to be seen till one gets farther down the coast, but the peasants wear a good deal of nice jewellery, of which we bought some in a bric-a-brac shop. An old lady, seeing what we were after, ran home



RIMINI.
PORTA ROMANA.

[To face p. 6.

to get some of her own, and finally sold us a ring off her finger. These diversions served to pass a wet afternoon, and an obliging waiter did the honours of the hotel and showed us behind a shutter in one of the bedrooms a really interesting fourteenth-century fresco, which he would have it was a genuine work by Giotto.

The great interest of Rimini centres upon the DUOMO of S. Francesco, where Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, in 1450 employed Leo Battista Alberti to encase a church of ordinary Italian Gothic in the new manner; for the Renaissance was then carrying everything before it, and Gothic had had its day. Behind Alberti's mask of Classic work may still be seen the Gothic side windows of simple tracery, and in the inside the nave arches are pointed, though the piers on which they rest are panelled and sculptured in the new style. Alberti's work is extremely delicate and refined, and has still about it something of the freedom and individuality of the older Gothic, not yet stiffened into Palladianism. It was never finished, for Sigismondo's troubled career ended in misfortune, and his schemes, whether of policy or of art, were doomed to failure. To judge from a medal, on the reverse of which is the representation of the church as it was to have been, Alberti's design included a dome of magnificent propor-

tions over the crossing, and a fine façade of which only the lower storey and a fragment of the upper are completed. The south flank of the nave, however, is finished, and consists of an arcade of piers and arches, forming a sort of peristyle detached from the main wall; and in the intercolumniations are the sarcophagi of poets, orators, philosophers, and other eminent men whom Sigismondo had gathered round him, and among whom he intended his own bones to be laid. These, together with the piers themselves, are raised on a high podium, along the top of which runs a beautifully designed frieze of scrolls, intermixed with shields and badges. The effect of this is extremely good, and had Alberti's design been finished the church would have been one of the finest gems of the early and most interesting period of the Renaissance.¹

The Duomo goes by the name of *Tempio dei Malatesta*, and Sigismondo seems to have deliberately given a pagan air to what he did. The little sculptured panels of the piers in the interior might be imitated from Classical intaglios, and have no religious significance. His arms, quartered with the interlaced initials of himself and his mistress—perhaps his wife—Isotta, appear in all parts of the church, together with the

¹ D'Agincourt devotes plate li. of his *Architecture* to plans and elevations of the Duomo of Rimini.



T. G. J.

RIMINI.

MONUMENT OF ISOTTA.

[To face p. 8.]

elephants, his crest and supporters. Isotta herself has a monument in a side chapel (Plate III.) bearing the date 1450, though it appears that she did not die till twenty years later. The inscription seems to imply her deification in the Roman fashion. Sigismondo himself died in 1468, in his fifty-second year, and lies entombed within the church.

The family of Malatesta, who became Lords of Rimini in the thirteenth century, came originally from Verrucchio, a grim castle near San Marino, and like that city and San Leo perched on one of the volcanic peaks of the district. Verrucchio was the scene of the tragedy of Francesca and Paolo da Rimini in 1288. Dante, describing the state of Romagna to the shade of Guido da Montefeltro, speaks of the elder and younger Malatesta of his time in no favourable terms :

E'l mastin vecchio, e'l nuovo da Verrucchio,
Che fecer di Montagna il mal governo,
Là, dove soglion, fan de' denti succhio.

Inf., xxvii. 45.

Among all the petty princelings who reigned over the cities of Romagna and Central Italy Sigismondo may not have been the worst, but he must be placed very low down in the scale, and none perhaps did more than he to involve that unhappy country in constant strife and misery. In the fifteenth century most of the independent

commonwealths, great and small, which had arisen in Italy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and still earlier, and had been strong enough to defy the distant and rarely enforced power of the Empire, had fallen under the rule of some great family; and democracy, true to Aristotle's cycle, had lapsed into tyranny. There were the Visconti, and after them the Sforza at Milan; the Medici were slowly but surely strangling liberty at Florence; the D'Este ruled at Ferrara; at Verona the dynasty of the Scala had only just expired, and had been succeeded by the Venetian republic; the Gonzaga possessed Mantua; the Vitelli ruled at Città di Castello; the Baglioni at Perugia; the Bentivogli at Bologna; a cadet of the Malatesta and afterwards a Sforza at Pesaro; the Varana at Camerino; and the Montefeltrini at Urbino.

Italy being included, nominally at all events, in the Empire, most of the Dukes and Counts of these principalities held them as fiefs of the Emperor. Those of La Romagna, which extended from the Duchy of Modena to the Adriatic, and those of Umbria were held as fiefs of the Papacy, which claimed them as part of the Patrimony of St. Peter. The rights of the Empire gave little trouble, but papal greed was always on the watch to extinguish feudal rights and incorporate the little principalities into the States

of the Church, except when the nepotism of Popes like Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. carved out of them petty kingdoms for their own families.

Each of these little courts vied with its neighbours in splendour. The princes lived in a style far beyond all proportion to the natural wealth of their territory or the means of their subjects. "Absolute power," says Sismondi, "leads to expensive vices," and each petty despot indulged himself as if he had been an emperor. His revenue being unequal to his means of defence, his vanity, and his pleasures, he was driven to various unworthy contrivances to wring from his oppressed people the means of indulging himself. One plan which the tyrants adopted, according to Macchiavelli, was to impose fines for certain things which were not regularly inflicted, but collected suddenly after a period of apparent but carefully calculated negligence, during which they had amounted to a considerable sum. But the way in which most of them increased their income was by stipendiary service. Romagna and La Marca were the great nurseries of the mercenary armies of those times, and the lords of these petty states were trained to arms as a profession and a means of livelihood. Their military qualities gave a disproportionate importance to their diminutive states. There was seldom a war in Central Italy

when there was not a Malatesta, a D'Este, a Montefeltro, or a Vitelli on one side or the other. Venice drew her best troops from the March and the Romagna, as well as the officers who commanded them; and many of the Princes were engaged by a retaining fee not necessarily to fight on her side, but at all events not to serve against her. It was said that from this district "Captains could be found for all the Princes of the world; that from thence went forth that company of St. George with which Alberigo of Barbiano had exterminated the foreign mercenaries, and revived the fame of Italian arms. They were the same race and stock of men who had once contributed so much to the establishment of the Roman Empire."¹

The bands of *condottieri*, or mercenary soldiers which each princeling raised for service under whatever state would buy him, brought wealth to his exchequer, but wrought infinite misery to the country. For they paid themselves not only by their legitimate—if it can be called legitimate—warfare, but by marauding attacks on their neighbours and by the sack of the towns that fell into their hands, for pillage was considered the

¹ Ranke, vol. i. book iv. He quotes Lorenzo Priuli, *Relazioni A.D.* 1586: "Lo stato pieno di viveri . . . e d'huomini bellicosi. Pareno tutti questi popoli nati et allevati nella milizia. E molto presto si metteva insieme molta buona gente toccando il tamburro."

soldier's privilege. The cynical indifference with which they were ready to take service on either side in any quarrel is almost amusing. It mattered no more to them than it does to a barrister whether he is briefed for plaintiff or defendant. In 1469 we find Federigo da Montefeltro, Count of Urbino, with the aid of Florence defending his son-in-law Roberto Malatesta, who had proclaimed himself Lord of Rimini on the death of his father Sigismondo, against Pope Paul II. But in 1474 he is fighting for the Pope Sixtus IV. against Florence. Four years later he and his son-in-law Roberto are still for the Pope against Florence, but in the year following Roberto appears as the Florentine General, and defeats the papal forces at Lake Thrasymene. Still more wonderful, in 1482 we find Federigo and Roberto opposed to one another, Federigo being now for Florence and Roberto for the Pope. Naturally these professional soldiers took no interest in the cause they fought for. Their object was not victory, which might have spoilt business, but to take prisoners for ransom. Each hero reflected that very likely he might be fighting to-morrow for the side against which he was serving to-day. The battles were often bloodless. Macchiavelli never loses an opportunity of sneering at the mercenaries of that age. He describes the battle of Molinella, which lasted half a day,

neither side giving way ; yet nobody was killed, and only a few prisoners were taken on either side. This is probably an exaggeration, for some authorities speak of it as a sanguinary affair, but it is a characteristic touch. A still more characteristic incident of this battle is recorded by a Milanese writer ; he says that Count Federigo of Urbino, who commanded for the Duke of Milan, towards the end of the conflict meeting Alessandro Sforza, his father-in-law, who was fighting on the other side, exclaimed, "Oh ! my lord and father, we have already done enough" ; to which Sforza replied, "This I leave to you to determine" ; whereupon both commanders called off their forces.¹ When the Duke of Milan threatened to behead Federigo for not having pressed on and won the victory, the Count replied that he defied any one who understood the art of war to say he had not proceeded after the rules of military tactics. Their employers, who naturally wanted to win, cared little for the rules of military tactics, and took a different view from the mercenary soldiers, and Federigo narrowly escaped the Duke's vengeance. When Guidobaldo, the second Duke of Urbino, was besieged in Bibbiena by the Florentines under Vitelli he fell ill, and Vitelli let him go home to his Duchy. The Florentines naturally were indignant, and when Paolo Vitelli

¹ Corio, cited Dennistoun's *Dukes of Urbino*, vol. i. p. 179.

had made one or two similar mistakes they tortured and killed him. Carmagnola offended the Venetians by similar leniency towards his prisoners, and was punished in the same way.¹ But these petty wars, of which it is impossible to keep the details in one's head, or to remember on which side or for what cause each commander was fighting, and which Milton might have called battles of kites and crows more deservedly than those of our Saxon ancestors, though they brought glory and money to the *condottieri* caused the utmost misery to the unhappy non-combatants, whose lands were ravaged and their homes violated. In 1388 the Florentines reproached Pandolfo Malatesta of Rimini for taking to a trade so discreditable to one of his descent, and cautioned him not to meddle with any of their subjects and friends; upon which he justified himself by saying he had spent 30,000 florins in forming his band, and could not maintain them without making raids on the country around him.

These numerous little courts, however, found time in the intervals of fighting for more peace-

¹ He had ordered the release of his prisoners "as was usual," *secondo l'uso*. Manzoni, who wrote a tragedy on the fate of Carmagnola, quotes in his preface Andrea Redusio's explanation of this habit of releasing prisoners: "Egli l'attribuisce al timore che i soldati avevano di veder presto finite le guerre, e di sentirsi gridare dai popoli *alla zappa i soldati*."

ful triumphs. Those of Urbino, Pesaro, Ferrara, and Rimini were among the most brilliant in Europe. They rivalled each other in the encouragement of art and literature, in the patronage of artists and learned men, and contributed largely to the general advancement of the humanities. Of the part played by the Counts of Urbino we shall speak hereafter. The temple at Rimini, and the associations connected with it, show the share taken by Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta in advancing art and encouraging men of letters in his dominions. High mental culture, however, is unfortunately compatible with the lowest standard of morality. It has been said that "an Italian prince in those days durst not be a barbarian. A murderer perhaps, stained with the most flagitious crimes, he might be; but he must seek his absolution in works of magnificence, he must atone for his outrages against public morality by his devotion to the cause of learning and homage to the public taste."¹ The crimes of the Italian despots have become proverbial. Every family had its share of assassinations; scarcely any man of mark died in his bed without suspicion of poison, whether well founded or not. There were frightful stories of revenges, stopping short of nothing but extermination of the hated family. Oliverotto Eufreducci was brought up as an adopted son

¹ Mariotti, cited Dennistoun, vol. i. p. 182.

by his maternal uncle, Giovanni de Fogliani, Lord of Fermo, who apprenticed him to Vitelli to learn the art of war. Having served with distinction under Cesare Borgia he proposed to visit his uncle and benefactor, and arrived with a hundred horsemen. He was received with honour and entertained at a banquet to which all the notables of Fermo were invited. In the midst of the festivity Oliverotto introduced his hundred men and massacred his uncle and his guests, and made himself Lord of Fermo. His own turn came in 1502, when he was strangled by Cesare Borgia at Sinigaglia, with the two Orsini and Vitelli. Sismondi tells a still more ghastly story. Arcimboldo, Archbishop of Milan and Cardinal, going as legate to Perugia and Umbria, found there a gentleman who, after smashing against a wall the heads of his enemy's children, and strangling their mother who was pregnant, nailed a surviving infant to the door, as gamekeepers do with vermin, and this outrage was not thought in the neighbourhood to be anything remarkable. Sigismondo Malatesta, who surrounded himself with artists and men of letters, and grouped their tombs round his own destined sepulchre at Rimini, married three times. His first wife was a daughter of Carmagnola, whom he repudiated after her father's tragical death. His second wife was Ginevra,

daughter of the Marquis of Ferrara, whom he is said to have poisoned. He then married Polissena, daughter of Francesco Sforza, whom he strangled in order to give himself wholly to his mistress Isotta, whose tomb we saw at Rimini, and whose initials, lovingly intertwined with his own, awake our sympathy till we learn the story of blood by which their union was cemented. Isotta seems to have been a woman of talent and conduct, and to have tamed the monster and been faithful to him and influenced him for good. It is doubtful whether they were ever married. She survived Sigismondo, but was dispossessed of the government of Rimini by Roberto Malatesta, one of Sigismondo's bastard sons. The whole of Sigismondo's life was occupied in warfare with the Montefeltrini of Urbino. After twenty-four years of strife, at the beginning of which the Malatesta owned the whole coast from Cervia and Cesena to the Fiumicino near Ancona, Sigismondo was left with little more than Rimini, the rest having fallen chiefly to his principal enemies, a Montefeltrino or a Sforza.

The hatred which the oppressions and cruelties of these petty princes provoked accounts in great measure for the rapid success of Cesare Borgia in making himself master of Romagna and Umbria. The princes who were his victims were scarcely less criminal and blood-

stained than himself, and his treachery and outrages were directed against them and not against their people. He was sagacious enough to see that by governing his new subjects well and leniently he would win them to his side. Under his rule justice and public safety were assured, factions were repressed, and all classes were protected and prosperous. Consequently, says Guicciardini, no Romagnole could contemplate without fear the return of his old lord.



FIG. 1.—Medallion of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta.

CHAPTER II

PESARO

THE railway from Rimini to Pesaro follows the coast-line, and runs parallel to the old Via Flaminia, which led from Ariminum to Pisaurum, and ran onward to Ancona and Rome. The station at PESARO is some way from the town, and we rattled through dark gloomy streets till at last we were set down at a cavernous portal which we were told was our inn. By the light of a single lamp, hidden behind a corner of the wall, we entered a great vaulted basement smelling of wine-lees and encumbered with casks. Picking our way over the pavement, foul with litter and cow-dung, we reached the foot of an immense staircase worthy of a giant's castle, ascending which we succeeded with some trouble in finding two peasant women who brought the landlord. Then followed an ugly dispute with a brigand, who had mounted the box of our carriage uninvited, and refused to go till we had paid him three and a half lire for handling our luggage. I referred the matter to the arbitration of the landlord, a good easy man who was half afraid of the

rascal, and did not much like the office. However, in the end the demand was abated, and when the man had departed the *padrone* relieved his mind. "What could I do?" said he. "What you offered him was more than enough. They are all of them *birbanti, birbanti, birbanti*. They are assassins. The other day one of them drew his knife on a Swiss gentleman, who knocked him down with his stick, and gave him *un bel bastonato*."

As soon as our ruffled feelings were calmed, and we had got rid of our importunate driver, who never ceased imploring us to engage him and his carriage to take us to Urbino, we examined our apartments. These too, like the staircase, were on a gigantic scale. The room in which my wife and I were lodged was 45 feet square, and the single candle by which it was illumined projected gigantic shadows of ourselves on a vaulted ceiling at an immense height above us. One might almost as well have slept under the dome of St. Paul's. A friend who was travelling with us was lodged in another princely chamber of the same dimensions. On further acquaintance, however, we became so much attached to the Hôtel Zongo as to return to it at the end of our visit to Urbino, and the shy landlord proved to be a very jovial dog, and was of good service to us in our travels afterwards.

Pesaro belonged to a branch of the Malatesta family, who seem to have made it a practice to divide and distribute among themselves their various lordships. In 1444 Pesaro was held by Galeazzo Malatesta, from whom his cousin Sigismondo Pandolfo tried to take it; but he was prevented by Federigo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino. In 1445 Federigo proposed to Francesco Sforza, afterwards Duke of Milan, to buy out Galeazzo, Federigo acquiring Fossombrone and Sforza taking Pesaro. This was so done, and Francesco established his brother Alessandro at Pesaro, where the Sforza ruled till eventually, in 1512, the fief was included in the Duchy of Urbino.

On one side of the Piazza is the old Ducal Palace, now the Prefettura (Plate IV.), with an imposing and successful façade in which, though it seems a simple design, there is a good deal of subtle contrivance. The lower storey has an arcade of six arches, all alike except that the one opposite the entrance to the cortile has decorated mouldings. This places a pillar in the middle. To have carried the six divisions up into the upper storey, with a pier in the centre would have been intolerable; consequently there are five windows only over the six arches, which brings a window with a *ringhiera* into the middle, and puts it all right. The façade is



T. G. J.

PESARO.

THE DUCAL PALACE.

[To face p. 22.]

finished with a deep and widely projecting cornice that throws a fine shadow. The architectural features are in stone, apparently Istrian, and in the upper storey the wall between them is plastered. The interior cortile is plain, but has a good doorway at the far end. The windows bear the initials of Guidobaldo II., the fourth Duke of Urbino, who reigned from 1538 to 1574. They occur also in other parts of the building.

G. V. II. V. D. IIII.

The first floor facing the Piazza is occupied by the Great Hall, which has a splendid ceiling, deeply coffered and painted and gilt. Though it has been touched up by the hand of no less an artist than our worthy host of the Albergo Zongo, as he told me with honest pride, it remains pretty much in its original state, but for a little decay and dirt. Among the emblems in the ceiling is the oak tree, the badge of the Della Rovere family to which the later Dukes of Urbino belonged.

There are several fair doorways of Italian Gothic in the churches, which are not otherwise remarkable.¹ The doorway of S. Domenico, a disused church in the Piazza, bears the date 1395. In this church was about to be established, at the time of our visit, a musical con-

¹ Illustrations of them will be found in *Italia Artistica*.

servatorio for which money had been left by Rossini, who was a native of Pesaro, and has a statue there to his memory.

Memories, too, survive at Pesaro of Bernardo and Torquato Tasso. Bernardo came hither about 1556 or 1560 with his son, then twelve or thirteen years old, to try and get a living for himself and help for his ruined master, the Prince of Salerno. Hither again came Torquato after his father's death, to his patroness Lucrezia d'Este, the first wife of Francesco Maria II., son and heir of Guidobaldo II., and he followed her to her brother's court at Ferrara when she separated from her husband. Four years later, in 1576, his madness first showed itself.

The town possesses a splendid collection of the majolica ware of Pesaro, Gubbio, Urbino, and Castel Durante, which can be studied to advantage as well here as anywhere. Pesaro still produces admirable majolica, but it is only a copy of the old fabric, and has no originality. Some of the pieces are deceptively imitated, and might take in the unwary. They have a fine lustre. We went over one of the factories, which was on a very modest scale, with only two or three painters at work. Charming little pieces of pottery, made for use by the peasants in their cottages, can be bought in the markets for a few pence each.

Although the Apennines are still some miles distant, the outskirts of Pesaro are hilly, and the ground much broken. On one summit a little way out of the town is the VILLA IMPERIALE, a palace of the Sforza and afterwards of the Dukes of Urbino. Vasari has much to say about it in his life of Girolamo Genga, a painter and architect of Urbino, and a friend of Raffaello. Guidobaldo I. employed him in painting caparisons of horses, which were then in fashion, and Francesco Maria I. in making triumphal arches and theatrical apparatus and scenery for his nuptials with Leonora Gonzaga. Thus do the great men of the earth patronize genius, like Piero dei Medici, who set Michelangelo to model a snow man.

Genga followed Duke Francesco Maria I. into exile during the Medicean usurpation, and painted pictures at Cesena and Forlì. On the Duke's restoration in 1521, Genga was employed to restore the old palace of the Sforza on the hill of the Imperiale, which, says Vasari, "under the direction and design of Genga was adorned by paintings of the history and deeds of the Duke, by Francesco di Forlì, Raffaello dal Borgo, painters of good fame, and by Camillo of Mantua, who had rare ability in doing landscapes and foliage, and among the rest Bronzino of Florence also worked there as a lad. The Dossi of Ferrara

were also brought thither, and a chamber was allotted to them to paint, but when it was finished the Duke did not like it, and had it thrown down to the ground, and done again by those above named. Genga made there also the tower 120 feet high, with thirteen staircases of wood well contrived and hidden in the walls."

"The Duke therefore, seeing he had so rare a genius, thought to make at the said place of the Imperiale, near the old palace, another new palace, and so he made that which is now to be seen, which being a very beautiful palace, and well planned, full of chambers, and colonnades, and courts, and *loggie*, and of fountains and delightful gardens, Princes never pass that way without going to see it; so that it deserved to be visited by Pope Paul III. when going to Bologna with all his court, who remained entirely satisfied with it."

Fired with enthusiasm by this description, we started one afternoon to see the wonders of the Imperiale. We left the town by a huge gateway in the fortifications with which Genga surrounded the city, and crossed the little river which forms the port of Pesaro. An exciseman at the gate directed us amiss, and instead of turning up at once to the right we followed the road towards Rimini and had to make a long detour up steep and muddy lanes round the Villa Vittoria, where the unhappy Queen Caroline of England once

resided. From the rising ground we had lovely views inland, where ridge behind ridge of distant Apennines rose in purple and violet hues beyond the level plain at our feet.

Like most Italian buildings of the kind, the IMPERIALE has no exterior attractions. The outside of an Italian villa never seems to have been considered. Where in France or England we should have had quaint gables, turrets, oriels, and high roofs, in Italy you have nothing but a square barrack-like mass, with here and there perhaps a stunted tower, and plain whitened brick walls full of unstopped scaffold-holes. And yet somehow these buildings seem exactly suited to their surroundings, and nothing else would harmonize with the landscape so well.

The older and newer palaces are easily distinguished from one another. The older is a quadrangular building on the brow of the steep hill, while the newer is on the slope above, and only touches the other at an angle, where the two are joined by a bridge. Genga's great tower is attached to the older palace, which we entered by an archway with the escutcheon of the Sforza family, and the inscription

ALEXANDER FORTIA

MCCCCLXVII

Inside is a small cortile surrounded by graceful

arcades, and grouped round a marble well in the corner were the farm labourers washing from their legs and feet the blood-red stain of the grapes they had been treading. For the Imperiale is now a farmhouse, in which a few rooms furnished in a homely way are reserved for the owner, Prince Albani of Milan, when he visits his property. The only residents were the farmer and his wife, the latter a pretty country lass who did the honours of the palace very gracefully.

The ground floor of the older building is quite dismantled and used only for farm purposes, but there are some good chimney-pieces still there. A plain staircase leads to the first floor, where in the rooms round the cortile are the mural paintings by Raffaele dal Borgo, or del Colle, and others mentioned above. Of these fresco paintings we expected to find remains only, for the guide-books speak of their decay, but we did not find even that, for they had all been lately repainted by Gennari of Pesaro, an artist who was only just dead at the time of our visit. A few of the rooms have decorated ceilings, one of which I drew: it had panels of red and blue alternately, divided by ribs carved with oak leaves painted white and gilt, and bearing on the blue ground the initials F. M. and LE, for Francesco Maria 1. and his

wife Leonora. On the red panels were several devices, and among them a representation of the pen still in use in Italy for securing oxen to be shod.

A bridge leads to the newer palace built by Genga for the Duchess Leonora as a surprise for her husband on his return from the wars. Her dedication reads thus :

FR. MARIAE DVCI METAVRENSIVM A BELLIS REDEVNTI
LEONORA VXOR ANIMI EIVS CAVSA VILLAM EXAEDIFICAVIT

The date would be after the Duke's return from exile, on the death of his old enemy Leo x. in 1521. In the interval of fifty-four years between the building of the old and the new palace, the early Italian Renaissance had developed into a more complete imitation of Classic architecture. But though the charm and poetry of the mediæval styles that still clung to the new mode on its first departure had by this time been lost, there is much to admire in Genga's work. The rooms are picturesquely planned; the chapel when furnished must have been very pretty, and the effect unusual, for the plan is unique (Fig. 2).

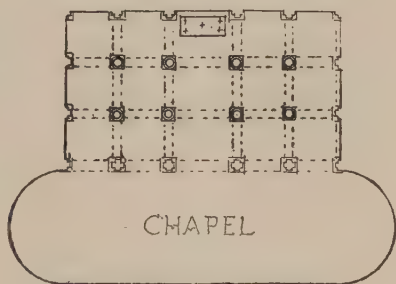


Fig. Sketch not to scale.

FIG. 2.

The floors are of small unglazed bricks, stamped with geometrical patterns, and laid within bands of white marble (Fig. 3). In some cases the marble bands form a spiral line, and in others a labyrinth. It would have been better had the bricks been glazed. The ceilings of the *piano nobile* were domed in stone or brick, and the backs of the domes stand up in the oddest way

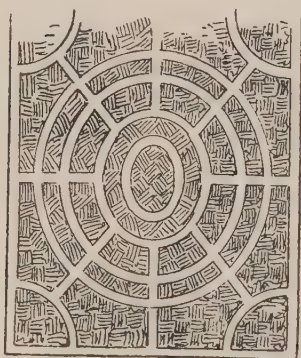


FIG. 3.

through the floors of the rooms above, which were probably used by servants uncomfortably enough.

This newer palace is quite dismantled, and though weathertight is uninhabitable, even the doors being removed. Being built on the slope of the hill the upper floor opens at the end of

the wing on a level with a charming terraced garden, which forms the fourth side of the newer quadrangle. It was full of simple flowers growing in the wildest profusion, of which our guide presented a handful *alla Signora*.

A lovely though muddy walk down an umbrageous lane took us by a much shorter way to the city gate.

Our friendly landlord at the Zongo, at

parting, furnished us with notes of recommendation, as a most *rispettabile famiglia*, to the hotels at Urbino and Fossombrone. These introductions with which Italian innkeepers sometimes furnish you, if you have put yourself on friendly terms with them, as all sensible travellers will do, are of great service in securing attention, and I think moderating charges.

CHAPTER III

FANO—ANCONA

FROM Pesaro it is a pleasant drive of about an hour along the coast to Fano. On the right are considerable cliffs of loose shale not amounting to rock, and in the distance may be seen the towers of Fano at the water's edge, and beyond them the great mountain behind Ancona.

FANO, the ancient *Fanum Fortunae*, which *Vitruvius* calls *Colonia Julia Fanestris*, now a quiet country town with humble provision for visitors, was of more consequence in Roman times. It still boasts a Roman arch, erected in honour of Augustus, and it had a basilica built by *Vitruvius*, of which he gives a description in his fifth book. It was a covered hall 120 feet by 60, with columns round it 50 feet high, four at the end and eight at the side, counting in each case those at the angles; but the two middle columns of one side were omitted to leave open the front of the temple of Augustus, where was the tribunal in an apse at the far end. Two storeys of porticos 20 feet wide surrounded the

central hall, not, however, reaching so high as the columns, but leaving 12 feet like a clerestory in the intercolumniations for light above their lean-to roofs.¹ Nothing of this basilica now remains.

Vitruvius's design for his basilica violates most of his own more formal precepts, and is quite out of all order according to the pedantic rules of the neo-Classic schools of the Renaissance. Viollet le Duc wittily observes that "half a century ago Vitruvius would not have obtained for his design for the Fano Basilica any mention at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. What do I say? He would have been excluded from the competition!—sent down to the lowest form to learn Roman architecture from Vignola or Palladio. Not put a complete entablature on the columns! Surmount their capitals with wood lintels and with timber framing resting on pads! Back the columns with pilasters! What heresy!"²

Fano contains several churches, not of remarkable interest, with good pictures chiefly by later masters. The Palazzo della Ragione, now turned into a theatre, is an interesting build-

¹ "Reliqua spatia inter parastatarum et columnarum trabes, per intercolumnia luminibus sunt relicta." The *parastatae* are responds attached to the back of the great columns. These were in two heights: the lower, 20 feet high, to carry the floor of the upper porticus, the upper, 18 feet high, to carry its lean-to roof against the column, which leaves 12 feet of the 50-foot column exposed.

² V. le Duc, *Lectures on Architecture*, Part I. p. 150.

ing, with a Renaissance campanile, a Gothic arcade of round arches below, and a range of four-light windows under round arches above. The Palazzo del Comune has some excellent windows with traceries of brick and terra-cotta, and a picturesque loggia.

Passing Sinigaglia, with its grim memories of Cesare Borgia and the massacre of his former confederates, where the guide-books did not promise much to interest us, our next point was Ancona.

ANCONA, an ancient colony of Dorian Greeks from Syracuse, was an independent republic during the Middle Ages, with maritime pretensions that at one time threatened to rival those of Venice. Its liberties were extinguished in 1532, when it fell under the dominion of the Popes. Curved like a bent arm—*ἀγκών*—round its splendid natural harbour, with tier above tier of fine buildings rising as an amphitheatre on the sides of the lofty hills that here reach the coast-line, Ancona has something of the stateliness of Genoa. On the topmost peak stands the ancient Cathedral of S. Ciriaco, full of rude marble screens and balustrades adorned with sculptures of semi-Byzantine art, and preceded by a grand arched portal designed by Margaritone of Arezzo in the thirteenth century. From this summit the eye commands a vast expanse of

coast-line and blue water; one almost hopes to catch the faint outline of the distant Velebić mountains that line the coast of Dalmatia: and this prospect, as we viewed it in 1881, first inspired me with the resolution to visit that country, then little known and only imperfectly described.

The port is bordered by spacious quays, and embraced by hospitable moles. On the land end of the nearest of them stands the Arch of Trajan, the most beautiful of all Roman arches, though robbed of its ancient bronzes. The stately effect of the long flight of steps that lead up to it, and the unusual loftiness of its proportion, make it very imposing. The material is white marble; and time has toned it down to that beautiful apricot yellow which it only attains in a southern clime. (Plate I., Frontispiece.)

Overshadowed by lofty buildings, which sadly smother it, is the pretty little Church of S. Maria-in-Piazza, which, though built in 1210, is still in the Romanesque style, with tiers of arcading, Pisan fashion, in its little façade, and other ornaments in the earlier manner. Over the entrance are some rhyming Leonine hexameters, which give the date and the name of the artist Philippus. The poet has ingeniously surmounted the difficulty of the Pope's name, for Innocent can no more be got into a hexameter

line than the little town which Horace passed on his way to Brundisium, *quod versu dicere non est*—

Ad matrem Xristi que templo presidet isti
 Qui legis ingredere veniam pregando merere
 Cum bis centenus claudisset tempora denus
 Annus Millenus floreret Papa Serenus
 Imperiique decus princeps Otto sumeret equus
 Hec Philippe pie decorasti templa Marie.¹

Ancona possesses a group of buildings by an architect with whose name and work I became familiar on the other side of the Adriatic. Giorgio Orsini, of a Zaratine family that claimed descent from the noble Roman house, was the architect of the eastern part, and the upper part of the rest of the Duomo of Sebenico. He did not live to finish it, but to him must be attributed the marvellous and unique covering of the church by a barrel vault of marble slabs visible both within and without.² His engagement there was made in 1441 and renewed in 1446, but the work was suspended from 1448 till 1471 for want of funds. In the interval he was actively engaged on the Rector's Palace at Ragusa, at first in concert with Michelozzi and afterwards by himself, and also at Spalato and Pago. In 1450 we

¹ Innocent III., Pope, 1198-1216; Otto IV., Emperor, 1209-18.

² *Vide my Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria*, vol. i. pp. 369, 395, etc., ii. 331, iii. 242.

find him at Ancona, at Recanati, and at Cittanova in the Marche.

In the Archives of the Republic, to which the courteous officials allowed me free access, I found a full account of Giorgio's engagement at Ancona, together with the contract between him and the Anziani, or Senators. The Anconitans being very prosperous commercially both by sea and by land, resolved in the year 1443 to build an Exchange where merchants and citizens could meet conveniently for business. The site chosen was next the house of Dionisio Benincasa and between the High Street and the sea, where till then there had been a precipitous and dangerous place, down which Francesco Bessarion fell and broke his head, of which accident his face bore the marks to his dying day. The ground-floor storey was built and roofed by Giovanni Sodo of Ancona, a very clever architect, who won great praise for his ingenuity in making the beams of several short pieces, there being no room to draw long timbers to the site. In this state the Loggia remained till 1450.

In that year there arrived in Ancona a famous master mason,¹ Maestro Giorgio of Sebenico, who was engaged on the façade of the house of Dionisio Benincasa next door to the Loggia. It

¹ "Un dignissimo maestro tagliapietra per nome M° Giorgio di Sibenico."

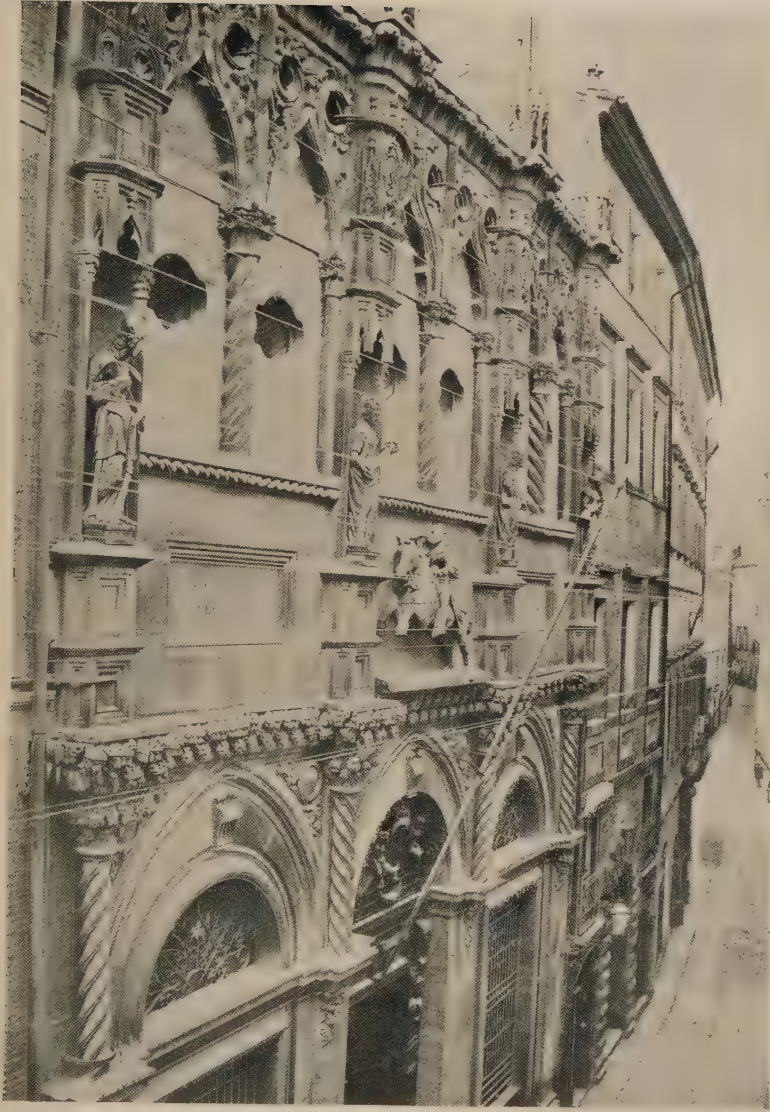
came into his head that he would like to build the façade of the Loggia, as well for the honour of the thing as for "cupidity of gain." So he made a design which Dionisio took to the Anziani, who all admired it, but there was no money to carry it out. However, Dionisio and other merchants, anxious for the adornment of the town and the convenience of a place of business, advanced the money on the security of the Customs, "and so," says the annalist, "the work was done: adorned with foliage and beautiful figures, with the horse and armed cavalier which is the badge and the true arms of the Anconitans. It was begun, as has been already said, and was finished in 1459." (Plate V.)

"This M^o Giorgio was he who made the very fine portal of Scō Francesco di le Scale, and who began the portal of S. Agostino; but he was interrupted by death, and could not finish it, so that the work," says the writer, "still remains imperfect."¹

Giorgio Orsini died in 1475, and, so far as I can ascertain, at Sebenico, where he had a house on the doorway of which he carved the bear, the badge of his family, and the mallet and chisels and other implements of his craft.²

¹ From the MSS. of Lazz. dei Bernabei, written in 1492, and the *Cronaca Anconitana di Camillo Albertini*, in the Archivio of Ancona.

² Illustrated in my *Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria*, vol. i. p. 406.



ANCONA.
LOGGIA DEI MERCANTI.

The contract with the Anziani of Ancona is interesting, as it shows that some sort of drawing was embodied in the agreement. Giorgio was to have 900 golden ducats, for which at his own risk, danger, and fortune he was to do the work, except that the employers were to provide scaffolding, lime, lead, and bronze, and the stone for filling in between two existing columns. Also he is to make in the fashion shown on his drawing the "idols," carved life-size, with the horse, great and fine, with the arms of the Comune in the places drawn on the said paper. He was to finish within two years, and to have instalments of 200 ducats at specified stages of the work, and the balance when the whole was passed by the appointed judges.

Dionisio gives security in a hundred ducats for Giorgio's proper performance of his contract.

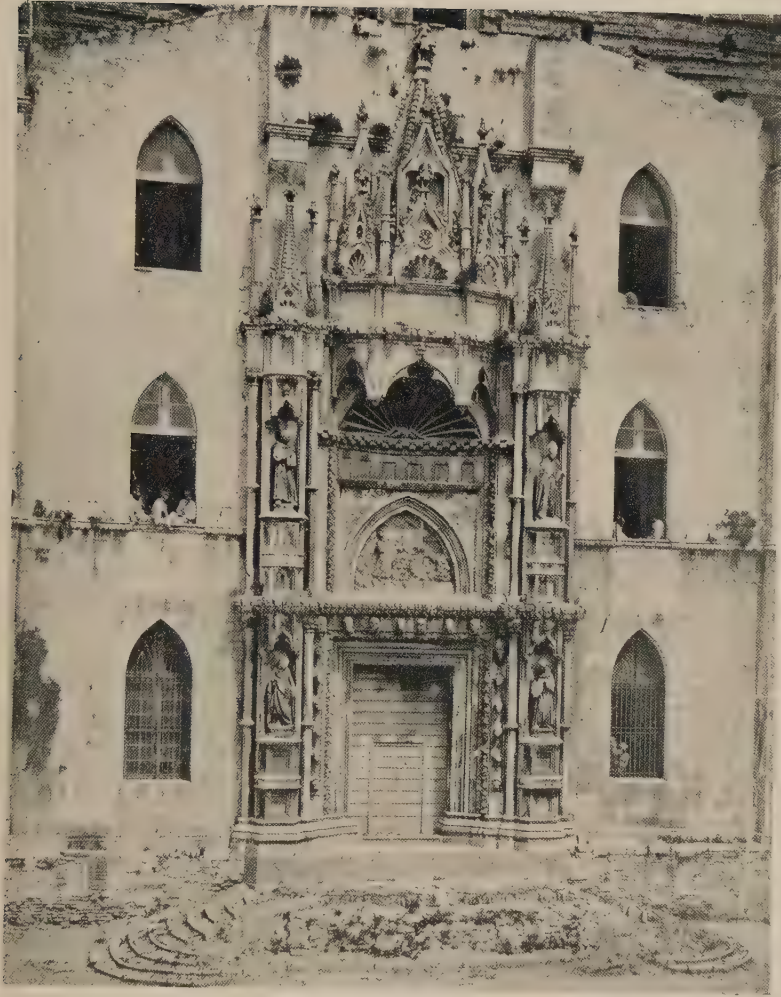
The LOGGIA DEI MERCANTI has had the lower storey remodelled in late Classic. The upper storeys, which are Giorgio's work, are in rather a coarse kind of florid Gothic, the details being very poor. The windows have had Gothic tracery which is cut out, and the openings are blocked, and this spoils the design a good deal. There are many features both in the Loggia and in the doorways of S. Francesco and S. Agostino that resemble details at Sebenico, especially a cornice, which is found in all these three build-

ings, consisting of two tiers of leaves blown as it were in reverse directions.¹

It is curious that Giorgio's work here in the Loggia, and at S. FRANCESCO (Plate VI.) and S. Agostino, which was finished by another hand after his death, should be so much more Gothic than the work he designed ten years before at Sebenico. The employment of Giorgio on both sides of the Adriatic is only one instance of the connexion between Ancona and Dalmatia during the Middle Ages. The Anconitans shared with their opposite neighbours their jealousy of the growing power of Venice. In 1171, when Manuel tried to re-establish the Roman empire over Italy, he poured his gold into Ancona to secure a convenient entry into the Peninsula, and the Venetians, who regarded the Anconitans as dangerous rivals,² and "hated them with a special hatred," sent a powerful fleet and captured five of their galleys. It was to Ancona, and not to Venice, that the men of Spalato applied for a *Podestà*, in 1239, when they resolved to put the

¹ This cornice at Sebenico I attribute to Antonio di Paolo, the architect who built the nave up to the top of the arcades between 1430 and 1441. Giorgio seems to have copied it here in his buildings at Ancona. It was also copied in a chapel of the cathedral at Traù by Alecxi of Durazzo in 1467. The execution both here and at Traù is inferior to that at Sebenico.

² "Hoc tempore Anconitani Emanuelis obedientes imperio Venetos ut sibi aemulos coeperunt habere." Dandolo, ix. xv. 17.



ANCONA.
PORTAL OF S. FRANCESCO.

[To face p. 40.]

city under a Latin magistrate, and to govern it on the Latin model. The Anconitans sent them Gargano degli Arsacidi, who led them to victory over the Almissan pirates. And when Lewis the Great of Hungary attacked Venice in Dalmatia in 1345, Ancona joined him in opposition to her hereditary rival, an alliance which caused the Venetians serious concern.

Ancona has many charms, in her venerable buildings; in the steep streets,—half street and half staircase,—with lovely downward peeps of town and harbour; in the gay market where they gave us so many delicious figs for a penny that we had to cry “Enough!” and in the port with its shipping, where, however, there seemed to be less trade than one would have liked to see in the finest harbour on this side of Italy. We visited Ancona twice at an interval of several years, and left it each time with regret.

CHAPTER IV

LORETO

WE left Ancona early for Loreto, to which place the railway takes you in about three-quarters of an hour. The town stands on high ground, inland from the railway, presenting an imposing mass of building, partly consisting of the great church and its adjuncts and partly of the huge palace of the Governor. The church has apsidal ends to both choir and transepts, and is finished with a bold machicolated cornice ; and but for its dome it might be mistaken for a mediæval castle with three large semicircular bastions. Omnibuses and open carriages were waiting in abundance at the station, and no sooner did we appear than the drivers opened upon us like a pack of hounds in full cry, each trying to secure us by shouting down his neighbour. Beggars too made the round of the carriages as soon as the passengers were seated, some with bad legs or arms, others with a short quantity of one limb or the other, but there were not so many as I had expected in so holy a place. In the papal time they may have driven a better trade.

The object of pilgrimage to LORETO is the SANTA CASA, or house of the Holy Family, which it is said angels transported from Nazareth when Acre, the last Christian stronghold in Palestine, fell into Moslem hands. They first deposited it at Tersatto, near Fiume, at the head of the Gulf of Quarnero, where there is still a pilgrimage church to which the people flock in thousands to worship in the place where the Holy House used to be but is no longer. Streams of Croat peasants, men, women, and children, in their picturesque national costume, may be met daily singing hymns as they climb the five hundred steps that lead from Fiume to the sacred enclosure, where by shuffling ungracefully on their knees round the empty site of the Santa Casa they have worn a channel in the floor, as the pilgrims have done at Loreto round the actual structure.¹ Tersatto, however, did not satisfy the angelic bearers, for after three years and seven months they took the Holy House away and set it on the shore near where it now stands; and then at a third remove in 1295 placed it on the hill as we see it, on ground as some say belonging to a widow named Laureta, or, according to others, in a *lauretum* or grove of laurels.

The Abbate Fortis, in the eighteenth century, writes: "In our day this legend is not believed

¹ Vide my *Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria*, vol. iii. p. 166.

nor maintained even at Rome; but the Croats are two hundred years behind us in these matters.”¹ Another Roman Catholic clergyman writing in 1802 says: “Many men of reflexion in Italy, and indeed within the precincts of Loretto itself, consider this wonderful story as an idle tale, or at best a pious dream. They suppose the holy house to have been a cottage or building long buried in a pathless forest, and unnoticed in a country turned almost into a desert by a succession of civil wars, invasions, and revolutions during the space of ten centuries.”² In recent years this cult of the Santa Casa was debated at some length in an English magazine, but the apologists did not seem to regard it as more than an aid to devotion, even though the story be untrue—in fact, a pious fraud. How far it is really conducive to piety, so long as it is believed in, it is hard to say, but at all events these holy places gather together a very dubious assembly of beggars and impostors.³ To many, as to Chaucer’s company, a pilgrimage serves as an excuse for a holiday, though I saw at Loreto some pilgrims who seemed lost in pious ecstasy.

As we climbed the hill the view opened out

¹ Fortis, *Viaggio in Dalmazia*.

² Eustace’s *Classical Tour through Italy*.

³ The term “Lorette,” for women of loose character, seems to refer to the quarter where they lived in Paris, near the Church of Notre-Dame de Lorette.

magnificently. The country was rich and well cultivated almost beyond anything I had seen in Italy. Below lay the sea, blue and placid; and the great mountain that divided us from Ancona towered nobly above the landscape. Little towns and castles were perched on surrounding hilltops; Osimo, the ancient Auximum, where Belisarius narrowly escaped death by an arrow which was intercepted by a faithful soldier; Castel-Fidardo, where in 1860 on 18th September the Sardinians defeated the papal troops under Lamoricière, and crowned the enterprise by which Garibaldi had set free the kingdom of the Two Sicilies from the Bourbons.

Inns at Loreto at the time of our visit were very primitive. I do not know whether they are any better now. We went to the one that was recommended as the best, but though we had a good room and clean beds, the rest left much to be desired. There was no regular service, but a peasant woman came in to do the rooms and shake up the bedding, which was stuffed with the leaves of Indian corn, and the practice was to pay her for her attendance with a few pence before she left.

Outside the sacred precincts is an irregular piazza, with a fountain that discharges water through the mouths of crowing cocks—a compliment, I suppose, to Cardinal Galli, whose name appears over the town gate. Entering

through the Porta Romana, we ascended by a steep incline to the ridge of the hill, where we found ourselves in a narrow street that runs right and left, and in a scene of indescribable bustle. The street was crowded with peasants in the gayest gala costume, the women especially being in a blaze of bright colours. Both sides of the way were lined with shops for the sale of cheap jewellery, toys, copies of the sacred image of the Madonna of Loreto, strings of rosaries, drums, tambourines, artificial flowers, gaudy pictures cheap but holy, together with bright handkerchiefs in long pieces festooned from the ceiling, brilliant woollen caps such as the men wear, and other articles too various to mention, displaying attractions either mundane or devotional to suit the taste of the pilgrims, each of whom buys something as a memorial of the pilgrimage, which is taken to be blessed by the priest within the walls of the Holy House. Everything was cheap and tawdry, the only pretty things being the *corone* or rosaries, of which there were millions, and the little cups painted with a rude representation of the sacred image, and made with clay in which was mingled *polvere di Santa Casa*—dust from the sweepings of the sacred floor. Of these we bought several. The goods overflowed the shops and were spread out on stalls in the street as well. The vendors

were smartly dressed women, who stood in the doorway and screamed to the passers-by to come and buy—buy—buy! It was Bunyan's Vanity Fair in real life.

After running the gauntlet of these importunities, and escaping from this hideous babel and from the importunities of various more or less loathsome beggars, who traded on a well-assorted stock of sores, mutilations, and bodily infirmities which they ruthlessly displayed, we arrived at the Piazza Madonna. The great church faced us; and the long façade of the Governor's Palace, designed by Bramante, with two orders of arcading, formed the left side of the square. The west front of the church is not remarkable except for its splendid bronze doors by Girolamo Lombardi and his pupils, and Vanvitelli's campanile is ill-designed and ugly; but on entering the church the scene that met our eyes was overpowering. A long nave of simple Italian arches leads up to the central dome under which stands the Santa Casa, within a splendid marble casing that closes the view. On the steps in front of it were gorgeous ecclesiastics officiating at the altar, but far more gorgeous was the assisting congregation. The women were drilled in regular ranks across the floor from side to side, and the mass of colour they presented outdid the gayest flower-bed. On

the head they wore brilliant handkerchiefs pinned and turned up somewhat in the Roman fashion. Another such handkerchief over the shoulders was brought loosely round in front over the bosom, showing a white smock of homespun linen at the neck, with elaborately pleated sleeves turned up at the elbow. The skirt of dark striped stuff, generally indigo and crimson, and sometimes entirely red, was very short, and puffed out with immense hoops like crinolines; the waist was quite high up, almost under the armpits, with short and wide embroidered braces. Woollen stockings and—sad to say—modern high-heeled boots completed their attire. They wore great ropes of coral round their necks, and large gold earrings, some of them of curious and antique design, and on their fingers large rings, formed of convex discs of thin gold, as large almost as an English florin, with filigrana and pearls attached by wires, such as a man at Pesaro had offered us for twenty-five lire (Fig. 4).

The men were scarcely less splendid than the women. Their hair was cut close, and their ears were adorned with earrings. They wore a waistcoat, or rather a short sleeveless coat of crimson or purple cloth, left unbuttoned to expose the embroidered front and elaborately pleated sleeves of their home-spun linen shirts. To complete their costume they should have worn *under* the

waistcoat a white smock-frock, reaching below the knee, but we did not see very many of these. The great beauty of the generality of the women, their graceful port, the stately swimming motion which their hooped skirts gave to their gait, and their martial arrangement and movement as in rank behind rank they retired backwards down the whole length of the nave, was most impressive.

We had timed our visit luckily, for October



FIG. 4.

is the great month for pilgrimage and also for marriages, and there had been several weddings that morning.

Mass being ended, the whole congregation poured itself into and through the Holy House, which angels had brought hither to convince a sceptical world. It has four doors, two on a side, but only three were open, and at each stood a guard with a drawn sword to keep the struggling throng of devotees in something like order, and

prevent accidents. Every now and then a priest emerged from one of the doors, his hands full of rosaries, bunches of artificial flowers, and other trinkets which he had blessed within the sacred walls, and now returned to their respective owners to be taken home and treasured as sacred relics.

After this ceremony there was a *Messa Cantata* by the choir, which, like the papal choir at Rome, consists of professional male singers, with *musici* for trebles. We had two chairs placed for us by an official in the best place for hearing, opposite the music gallery. With these gentry a lira or two outweighs all scruples of orthodoxy, and the faithful were unceremoniously pushed out of the way to make room for us. The scene was sufficiently striking, with the densely packed crowd below, the gorgeous priests and their attendants at the altar, and the singers aloft in a gallery between two of the pillars, hanging over the parapet in the intervals of the music, in various attitudes, like the figures in one of Veronese's grand compositions. But the music disappointed us. The organ was bad, and everything was sung in an unfeeling fortissimo. Some of the men had good voices, but I heard none like the mysterious soprano who had thrilled me through and through three years before at the Festa of S. Francesco in the dim lower church at Assisi.

On the day following there was another *Messa Cantata* in a side chapel, which we went to hear, as the music was to be by Palestrina. We talked to the singers as they stood waiting in the aisle, and they spoke of Palestrina with reverence; but they sang his music irreverently enough, at full cry, without that delicate feeling of voice for voice that makes good part-singing.

The Santa Casa stands under the dome in the same way as the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which no doubt set the pattern for it. But the marble casing which encloses it is so large as to block the view from any of the four arms of the church, and it looks more like a screen than a detached building. It is one of the wonders of the Renaissance, designed by Bramante with exquisite detail, and sculptured by Andrea Contucci, the elder Sansovino, whose work began in 1513. He was assisted by Girolamo Lombardo, Bandinelli, Giovanni da Bologna, and other great artists. Within this superb casing is the Santa Casa itself, a dim chamber with walls of rubble, stone, and brick, black and polished with age and smoke. The air is thick and close, redolent with odours possibly of sanctity, and there are rows of hanging lamps on each side suspended from a vault overhead, the smoke from which does not improve the atmosphere. A splendidly furnished altar with lighted candles stands clear of the east

wall, leaving a narrow space behind it. High up in a niche at the east end is the holy Madonna, a black image with a smaller black image in its arms, said to have been carved by St. Luke, who has an unenviable and no doubt undeserved reputation for works of this kind. The figure is draped so as to give a pyramidal outline, and is all ablaze with diamonds and precious stones. Below is a recess looking like a fireplace, into which the pilgrims press with an ecstasy of devotion.

From a cupboard in this inner sanctum the courteous canon who showed us the building produced a rude *scodella*, or saucer of terra-cotta, said to have been found in the house, and to have been used by the Holy Family. It is set very handsomely in gold, with good handles in the style of Cellini. The canon, in deference to our prejudices, politely dropped the question of its sanctity, and enlarged only on the beauty of the setting, and even entrusted it to my heretical hands.

The whole adventure interested us very much, and we were well rewarded by our visit. The scene seemed to carry us back into the distant Middle Ages; to the days which men call either of faith or of credulity and superstition, according to their different ways of looking at them; but from either point of view far away from the prosaic nineteenth century with its railways, its telegraphs, and its daily press.

OF URBINO

- I. ANTONIO, Lord of Monte Coppiolo.
- II MONTEFELTRINO, made Count of Montefeltro in 1154.
- III. BUONCONTE, Count of Montefeltro, and of Urbino in 1216.
- V. GUIDO il VECCHIO, = Costanza.
Count of Montefeltro
and of Urbino, *d.* 1298.
- VI. FEDERIGO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino, *d.* 1322.

Guidone. VII. NOLFO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino. VII. FEDERIGO or NOVELLO. VIII.

Giovanna Gonzaga = VIII. ANTONIO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino, *d.* 1404. Nolfo = Gabrieli.

I. Rengarda, daughter of Galeazzo Malatesta, *d.* 1423. IX. GUIDANTONIO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino, *d.* 1442.

Battista, daughter of Alessandro Sforza of Pesaro, *b.* 1446, *d.* 1472. s. *d.* X. ODDANTONIO, Duke of Urbino, *d.* 1444.

Antonio = Emilia Pia.

Elisabetta Gonzaga, = XII. GUIDOBALDO I., Duke of Urbino, *b.* 1472, *d.* 1506. s. *d.*

Elisabetta = Roberto Malatesta of Pesaro.

- i. Lucrezia d'Este, = XV. FRANCESCO MARIA II., = 2. Livia della Rovere. separated 1573, *d.* 1596.
- Claudia de' Medici = Federigo Ubaldo, *b.* 1605, *d.* 1623.

Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Florence, *d.* 1670. = Vittoria.



Fig. 5.

Ludovico della Rovere.

Francesco della Rovere, Pope Sixtus IV., *d.* 1484.

Raffaello della Rovere.

Jolanda = Girolamo Riario.

Giuliano della Rovere, Pope Julius II. Elected 1503, *d.* 1513.

Giovanna = Giovanni della Rovere of Sinigaglia, Prefect of Rome, *d.* 1501.

XIII. FRANCESCO MARIA I., = Leonora Gonzaga. Duke of Urbino, *b.* 1490, *d.* 1538.

XIV. GUIDOBALDO II., = Vittoria Farnese. Duke of Urbino, *b.* 1514, *d.* 1574.

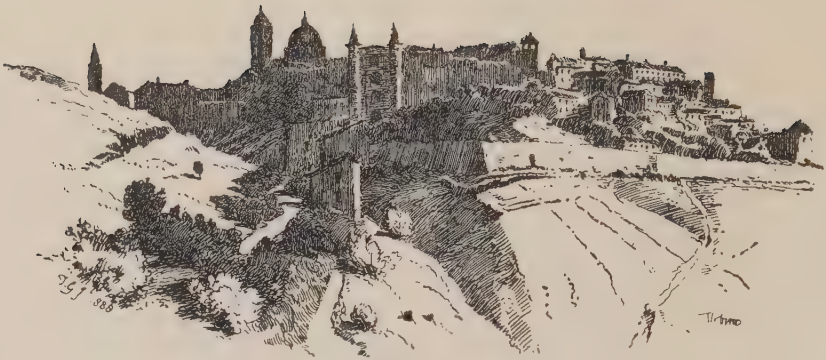


FIG. 6.

CHAPTER V

URBINO

THE Duchy of Urbino lay between the provinces of Romagna and La Marca. Formed by the gradual accretion of one lordship after another, it never exceeded the size of a county in the English Midlands, such as Leicestershire or Warwickshire. Its outline was irregular, but the extreme length from north to south was about fifty-six miles, and the average width about thirty-five. When at its greatest extent, it possessed the seacoast from a little north of Pesaro to beyond Sinigaglia, with the exception of Fano and a small territory round it; and it reached back to the backbone of the Apennines, and at Gubbio dipped over a little on the other side. In the time of Guidobaldo II., the fourth Duke, it contained seven towns and three hundred castles. The lowland country between the

mountains and the sea was extremely rich and fertile, so much that the Duchy was able to export corn from Sinigaglia. But the interior was a wild mountainous district of bare hillsides and deep ravines, little adapted for agriculture. The forests which we are told once clothed the Apennines have been destroyed by the fires of shepherds and the teeth of goats, and the hills are now barren and naked, scored by torrential rains and seamed with deep watercourses. It is a rough country, which bred a hardy warlike people, and supplied the *condottieri* with their best soldiers. And it has a rough climate; on both our visits we had stormy weather, rain, wind, and cold, and a native of the town of Urbino, which stands high on the hills, described the climate as murderous—*un clima 'micidiale*. It is curious that this wild highland city should have been the birthplace of the gentlest of painters, Raffaello da Urbino.

Of all the small principalities—or, as the Greeks would have called them, Tyrannies—in Central Italy that of Urbino is the most interesting, and its history is the most humane. For though the early Lords and Counts seem to have been freebooters like the Malatesta and others around them, the virtues of the Montefeltrine Dukes present an amiable contrast to the crimes of such despots as Sigismondo Malatesta, Filippo

Maria Visconti, Bernabo Visconti, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, or Cesare Borgia.

Although the trade of both prince and people was mercenary soldiering, like that of all their neighbours, Urbino was not less distinguished for the cultivation of arts and letters. Italy, says Sismondi, had no inhabitants more warlike nor any court more literate and polished.

The ducal family was descended from Antonio, a petty lord of Monte Coppiolo, near San Leo in the northern part of the Duchy, which stands on the ancient Mons Feretrius, a name Italianized into Montefeltro. He or his son was made Count of Montefeltro by Frederick Barbarossa in 1154. Their successor Buonconte, after a twenty years' struggle with the people of Urbino, who fought bravely for their liberties, annexed that city to his domains. Count Guido da Montefeltro, who died in 1298, whom all lovers of Dante will remember, was famous for his craft rather than for his valour.

Mentre ch'io forma fui d'ossa e di polpe
 Che la madre mi diè, l'opere mie
 Non furon leonine ma di volpe.
 Gli accorgimenti e la coperte vie
 Io seppi tutte, . . .¹

He took Forlì by a ruse, and gave Boniface VIII.

¹ *Inferno*, xxvii. 73.

the treacherous advice to recover Palestrina from the Colonna by fraud :

Lunga promessa con l'attender corto
Ti farà trionfar nell' alto seggio.

“Large promise and short performance would give him the city.”

For this Dante finds him enveloped in a flame in the *ottava bolgia* of Hell among the deceitful and traitors. Guido had abdicated his countship, as he tells Dante, when he reached the age “at which each one should furl the sails and gather in the ropes,” and had become a Franciscan at Assisi in 1294. Thither came Boniface, “Prince of modern Pharisees,” who had been besieging Palestrina in vain, in order to consult the old master of wiles ; and he promised him full absolution for any advice he might give, however unrighteous. “So at my death,” continues Guido, “Francis came to claim me ; but one of the black cherubims said, ‘Take him not, do me no wrong ; he has to come down with my rascals, for that he gave the treacherous counsel.’”

The next Count, his son Federigo, siding with the Ghibellines, was torn to pieces by the people of Urbino in 1322, who had risen in favour of the Guelfs, after which the Counts seem to have been in exile. Guidantonio, Count of

Urbino, extended his territory by the submission of Cagli in 1371 and Gubbio in 1384, whence the people had expelled their tyrants, and he conquered Cantiano a little later. The tenth Count, Oddantonio, after beginning well, fell under the corrupting influence of his neighbour Sigismondo of Rimini, and was murdered by the people whom he had outraged by his crimes. He was succeeded by his half-brother Federigo, a natural son of the ninth Count, who was created Duke of Urbino, and with whom the importance of the family and the Duchy really begins. He bought Fossombrone from the Malatesta of Pesaro in 1445, and took several townships from his hereditary foe Sigismondo of Rimini. The addition of Sinigaglia and Mondavio in 1474, and of Pesaro and its district given to the Della Rovere Dukes in 1513 by Julius II., brought the Duchy of Urbino to its final extent.

Federigo was born in 1422, the reputed son of Count Guidantonio by a girl of Urbino, but there is some uncertainty about the relationship. He was at all events legitimated by Martin V. on December 22, 1424.¹ He was educated at Padua under Vittorino da Feltre, a master whose reputation is a credit to that age. He had pupils of all classes, taking payment from the rich, but teaching the poor gratis. His was a

¹ Dennistoun, vol. i. p. 58.

school of high thinking and plain living, and his moral rule was strict. In 1423 he removed to Venice, where he took pupils of both sexes, in itself a tribute to his goodness and discretion in that profligate age. He was afterwards engaged as tutor to the children of the Duke of Mantua, and made it a condition that he should have absolute control of his pupils. Luxurious living and high diet were replaced by frugality and simplicity. Training of the body he considered a necessary complement to that of the mind, and, like ourselves, he valued the exercise of sport more highly than mere gymnastic, which is the German ideal. All swearing, obscene language, vulgar joking, and quarrels were severely punished; personal morality and religious exercises were exacted. With his princely pupils he associated others of inferior degree who were educated together with them. Vespasiano writes that his house was a sanctuary of manners, deeds, and words, and when he died in 1446 he did not leave enough money to pay for his funeral.

His friend Guarini, who had a similar school at Ferrara, has left an equally happy reputation behind him. His moral character, we are told, was equal to his learning.¹

As with all the princelings of the day Federigo's

¹ J. A. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, ii. 302.

profession was that of arms. The regular routine was first to learn the trade under some great captain, and then to raise a force of your own with which to serve any of the greater powers that chose to hire you. Federigo served his apprenticeship under Piccinino, whose little body held a mighty soul, and in 1439 he was ready to defend his possessions against Sigismondo of Rimini, who advanced a claim to them and invaded the district of Montefeltro. Sigismondo being checked by Federigo, sent him a challenge to settle their claims by single combat, but when Federigo appeared at the rendezvous no Sigismondo was there to meet him.

For the next twenty-four years Federigo followed the profession of a *condottiere*, at one time in the service of the Duke of Milan, at another that of the King of Naples, sometimes in the pay of Florence, sometimes Lieutenant-General of the papal forces. Through all the time his own personal struggle with Sigismondo Malatesta went on; but the final humiliation of that egregious despot in 1463, after twenty-four years of conflict, at last brought to Federigo a period of repose, and time to attend to his domestic affairs. In his conduct of these campaigns Federigo seems to have behaved with as much humanity as was consistent with the habits of the age. His troops enjoyed the usual

privileges of these mercenary soldiers, which included liberty to sack the towns they took, but their leader appears to have shown some regard for the lives of the inhabitants. At the surrender of Fano by the Malatesta under a promise of protection to persons and property, Federigo was urged by the Papal Legate not to keep his word, but to take the opportunity of avenging his injuries on his treacherous foe, who never respected such promises himself. In like manner did the Papal Legate Juliano persuade the Hungarian King to break his word with the Infidel at Varna, which he did to his own destruction. In like manner too, in our own day did the German Minister urge us not to go to war for a scrap of paper. It is to Federigo's credit that he did not listen to this perfidious and infamous suggestion. In an age of treachery and dissimulation he had the enviable distinction of being true to his engagements. The Venetians when they were attacking Ferrara tried to detach him from the League which opposed them, and offered him eighty thousand ducats if he would only stay at home. "All they asked was that he should consider himself in their pay." When the Venetian Envoy had left the room one of Federigo's suite said: "A fine thing! eighty thousand ducats and stay at home!" The Duke replied: "It is a finer thing to keep

faith, and worth more than all the gold in the world.”¹

The Duke's constant employment in war as a mercenary brought in large sums of money, and his treasury was so well filled that his subjects were lightly taxed. It was said that the Duke brought in more money than he cost. He was free from the passions that have earned an execrable reputation for most of the Italian despots, and his people loved him. When he appeared in public, says his biographer Vespasiano, men and women would kneel at his approach and cry, “God keep you, my lord!” and that not from fear but from affection. He was easy of access, and encouraged his subjects to consult him and confide in him. An officer who tried to prevent a suitor from approaching him was severely punished. Baldi says that as he rode or walked about the place he would send for, or himself call to him, citizens or merchants whom he saw, and ask about their families, and if they were building he would encourage them, and himself help them to build well, so that Urbino was as well furnished with commodious houses as any city. This aspect of his character, however, seems to Baldi beneath the dignity of history, though to us it is far more interesting than the petty wars in which he played his part, which may well be forgotten.

¹ Vespasiano, ed. 1859, p. 88.

“To such details,” says Baldi, “we do not descend, as do some writers over-scrupulous about trifles ; nor shall we tell how he interfered to maintain the poor, to compose quarrels, to secure a pure administration of justice, to protect the honour of families, and to reward those who served him faithfully. Still less do we report his witty jests and pleasant sayings, as these are things altogether trifling and unbecoming the gravity of history, besides which they all or most of them live in the memory and mouths of the people. But, since magnificence is a virtue proper to great princes, we shall touch upon some circumstances regarding the nobleness, the numerical grandeur, and the splendour of his court.”¹

All writers concur in praising his military talents, in which he was surpassed by no contemporary captain. “A Mars in the field,” says one writer, “a Minerva in his administration, he was equally feared and loved.” Federigo did not forget the lessons he had learned under the virtuous Vittorino. “His household of five hundred mouths or more,” says Vespasiano, was not like a house full of soldiers ; no religious establishment was conducted in so orderly a way. Gambling and swearing were unknown, and singular decorum of language was observed, while numerous noble youths, sent there to learn

¹ Baldi, *Vita di Federigo*, vol. iii. p. 59.

good manners and military discipline, were educated under the strict tuition of a gentleman from Lombardy whom the Duke had brought up, and whom they obeyed as if they had been his sons.”¹ The courts of these professional soldiers were in fact military colleges, where young noblemen who intended to make arms their profession were entertained and regularly trained for military command.

In 1472 Federigo lost his wife, the Duchess Battista, daughter of Alessandro Sforza of Pesaro, and, according to Giovanni Sanzi, it was partly for distraction from his sorrow that he began to rebuild his palace at Urbino. It appears, however, that it was really begun long before, either in 1454 or perhaps as far back as 1447.² Vasari says the palace was built by Francesco di Giorgio of Siena, who was famous as an engineer and especially for warlike machines, of which he painted a frieze with his own hand in the palace at Urbino. Vasari seems, however, to be mistaken, for the real architect was a Dalmatian, Luciano da Laurana, son of Martino of Zara. Giovanni Sanzi, Raffaelle's father, in a long poem on Urbino and its Duke, says :

e l' architetto a tutti gli altri sopra
Fu Lucian Lauranna, huomo eccellente
Che il nome vive benchè morte 'l cuopra.

¹ Vespasiano, ed. 1859, p. 101.

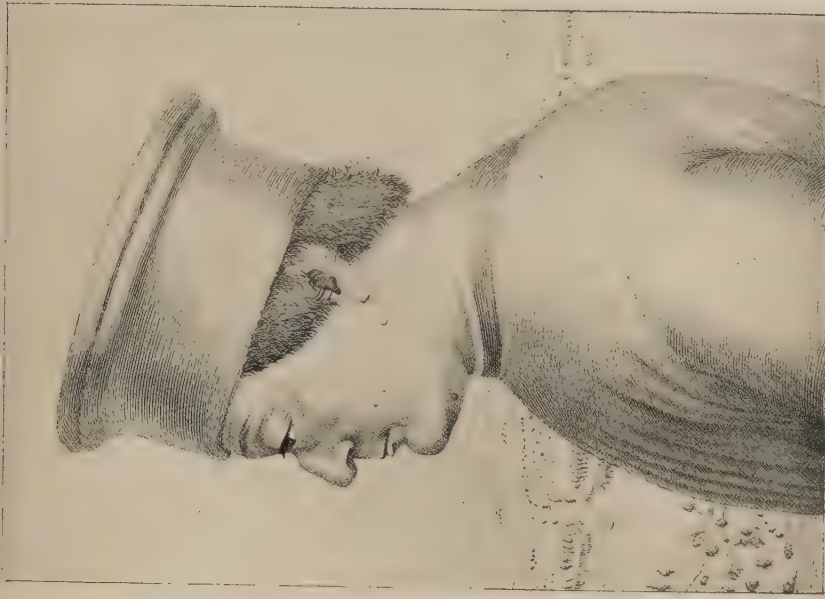
² Calzini, *Urbino ed i suoi monumenti*.



BATTISTA.

DUCHESS OF URBINO.

From portraits by Pier della Francesca.



FEDERICO.

DUKE OF URBINO.

After some trouble I succeeded in identifying Laurana, a name now unknown in Dalmatia, with Vrana, a place some twenty or twenty-five miles south of Zara, where there is a lake with the extensive remains of a castle, once of the Templars, and afterwards of the Hospitallers.¹ It is now a heap of ruins, and the town where Luciano was born in 1420 was destroyed during the wars of Turks and Venetians in 1647. The most important building now standing there is a Turkish khan or caravanserai.

Luciano's work on the palace seems to have begun *c.* 1465 or 1466. Before then he was in the service of Alessandro Sforza at Pesaro, for in May 1465 Ludovico Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, begs Alessandro to send him Magistro Luciano to give him advice about his buildings. It does not appear, however, that Luciano went to Mantua, for in 1467 we find him at Urbino litigating with Maestro Giorgio of Como, who had not properly performed the work under his contract at the new palace. As the deeds speak of walls and vaults, and not of foundations, the building must by that time have made considerable progress under Luciano's direction. Therefore the patent issued by Duke Federigo in 1468, placing the

¹ "Urana (Vrana) alias Aurana, sive Laurana celebris in primis est a Rhodiorum equitum statione." Farlati, *Illyr. Sacr.*, Prolog. ii. c. v. § iv. *Vide my Dalmatia*, etc., vol. i.

whole control of the work in Luciano's hands, would seem to be intended to confirm his authority, and not to be his first appointment as architect.

The patent of Federigo, dated 10 June, 1468, from Pavia, says that "having searched everywhere and particularly in Tuscany, where is the fount of architects, and having found no one truly accomplished in that art, and at last having learned first by report and afterwards by experience how well the eminent man Maestro Lutiano, the bearer hereof, is accomplished in that art, and having determined to build in our city of Urbino a habitation fine and worthy, and suitable to the condition and honourable fame of our progenitors, we have elected and deputed the said M^o Lutiano to be engineer and head of all the masters who labour on the said work, as well those of building, as the masters of carving stone, and the masters of carpenters and workmen, and of every other person of whatever degree and of whatever craft who may work in the said building." The patent goes on to give "M^o Lutiano" leave to discharge all workmen who do not satisfy him, and to engage others by the week or by the day as he may please, and to do "everything that pertains to an architect and chief master appointed to a

¹ *Vide Calzini, Urbino ed i suoi monumenti.*

work, exactly as we ourselves should do were we present.”¹

Luciano seems to have died at Pesaro in 1479, when the building was very nearly finished, and what remained to be done was carried on by Baccio Pontelli, who was still living after the death of Federigo in 1482, when the palace was practically complete. If Francesco di Giorgio had anything to do with it, it was probably with the sculptures of military emblems now placed for safety in the inner corridor. Ambrogio Baroccio da Milano was employed for carving the arabesques in which the palace is so rich, and for the sculpture of the chimney-pieces. Gondolo Tedesco is credited with the beautiful though now sadly decayed intarsia in the doors and other furniture. Federigo himself, we are told, was skilled in architecture, and gave many directions during the progress of the work. “He listened to his architect’s opinion,” says his biographer, “and then gave the dimensions and all the rest, and you would think, to hear

¹ Gaye, *Carteggio d’ Artisti*, vol. i. p. 214. The original is in the Vatican Library, but there is a copy in the Albani Library at Urbino. Gaye mentions two suits and decisions at law between Luciano Laurana and workmen about the measurement of work. Also a *rogito* or signed document in September 1483 about Luciano’s will. “Cum egregius vir Lucianus q. Martini de Jadia . . . condiderit testamentum Pisauri . . . in quo instituit suam heredem Catharinam d. Luciani uxorem, una cum Camilla et Lucretia suis filiabus,” etc. etc. Gaye sought in vain for this will at Pesaro.

him talk, that it was the principal art he had ever practised. He paid the greatest attention to the sculpture of his palace, and employed the best masters of the time, and to hear him talk with a sculptor it seemed that it was his own art, from the way he discoursed about it. Painting too he understood, and not being able to find masters in Italy who know how to paint in oils, he sent to Flanders, and brought a serious master to Urbino, who painted many pictures for him.¹ Also from Flanders he brought masters to weave tapestries, and caused them to furnish a hall splendidly with work of gold and silk mixed with yarn. It was marvellous what figures he caused them to make, such as no brush could have equalled. His lordship having so great a knowledge, caused everything to be executed in the very highest degree of art.”²

Federigo was succeeded by his son Guidobaldo, a boy ten years old, to whom, strange to say, the league of Naples, Florence, and Milan continued the command which his father held at the time of his death. He was not, however, called upon to act, fortunately for his military reputation, and the engagement was probably of the nature of a retainer. Guidobaldo, though he took part in several campaigns, was not a great

¹ Justus of Ghent.

² Vespasiano da Bisticci, *Vite*, ed. 1859, p. 93.

soldier like his father, but rather a scholar and man of letters, and moreover during the greater part of his life he was a martyr to gout, or some complaint to which that name was given, which incapacitated him for an active life. At the age of sixteen, in 1489 he married Elisabetta Gonzaga, youngest sister of the Marquis of Mantua. To the beauty and virtues of this lady ample testimony is borne not only by Castiglione, but by all contemporary writers. The Duke's misfortunes began with the election of Roderigo Borgia to the papal tiara, as Alexander VI., in 1492, "the most odious," says Sismondi, "the most publicly scandalous, and the most wicked of all miscreants who ever misused sacred authority to outrage and degrade mankind." "His entire occupation, his only thought," says Macchiavelli, "was deception, and he always found victims. Never was there a man with more effrontery in assertion, more ready to add oaths to his promises, or to break them: yet did his deceit ever succeed to his heart's content." The Pope's ambition was to create a kingdom for his son Cesare Borgia, Duke Valentino,¹ in Romagna and the Pentapolis, which included Pesaro and Urbino. Cesare occupied Pesaro and Rimini in 1500, and was created Duke of Romagna. In 1502 Duke

¹ He was created Duke of Valentinois by Louis XII.

Guidobaldo was enjoying himself at supper in the groves at S. Bernardino, the convent of Zoccolanti, a little way out of the town, and was rising from table, when news was brought from Fossombrone that Duke Valentino had a thousand men there, and had as many more from Fano and Sinigaglia in his pay, intent on mischief. Guidobaldo, much disturbed, smote his hand on the table and exclaimed that he was betrayed. At Urbino he was met by a messenger from the Commonwealth of San Marino who told him that there was a force at Verrucchio and San Arcangelo; and the Commissary of Cagli sent word that that city was occupied, and that Duke Valentino would be at Urbino the next morning. Guidobaldo assembled the magistrates and notables of Urbino, who advised him, as the city was quite unprepared for defence, to save himself and join the Duchess, who was at Mantua. Gathering hastily some important papers and patents, and some gold and jewels, and escaping by a private door from the palace, he fled towards San Leo, but his way was intercepted. He describes his adventures in a letter to Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, afterwards Julius II., who had retired from Rome for fear of the Borgias. Dismissing all but three archers, and disguising himself as a peasant, the Duke made for the Venetian territory. A messenger sent from

Ravenna to warn him fell into the hands of Valentino, who closed and guarded the passes, but he succeeded with difficulty in reaching Ravenna, after being robbed on the way, and thence by way of Ferrara he escaped to Mantua, the territory of his brother-in-law. "Further," he concludes, "I have saved nothing but my life, a doublet, and a shirt."¹

Duke Valentino entered Urbino in state, and removed to Forlì the plate, tapestry, books, and other treasures he found in the palace, estimated at above 150,000 ducats, equal perhaps to a quarter of a million sterling of our money.² A rising of the people of Urbino brought Guidobaldo back to head them, and almost without a blow he recovered all but the fortress of S. Agata, for Valentino was in difficulties owing to the defection of the Orsini and Vitellozzo and the other chiefs, whom after a feigned reconciliation he afterwards massacred at Sinigaglia. Guidobaldo had again to fly, and did not recover his Duchy till the death of the Pope and the illness of Cesare, who drank inadvertently the poison prepared for the Cardinal of Corneto.³ The next

¹ Baldi, *Vita di Guidobaldo 1., Duca d' Urbino*, written in 1615.

² Dennistoun, vol. i. p. 394.

³ Adrian di Castello, Cardinal of Corneto, was one of the foreign prelates imposed on the English. He was made successively Bishop of Hereford, and of Bath and Wells. The wealth which he had accumulated in England was the motive for his destruction. He was

Pope, Pius III., died within a month, and the election, in 1503, of Julianò della Rovere, the bitter enemy of the Borgias, as Julius II., gave the death-blow to the hopes of Cesare, who had to surrender all his conquests. Baldi, in his life of Duke Guidobaldo, describes the interview between him and Cesare, who came to make his submission, and who was received with clemency. The Thucydidean speeches which the writer puts into their mouths are probably quite imaginary. Dennistoun saw a fresco at Cagli by Taddeo Zuccherò, representing Cesare on his knees before Guidobaldo, surrendering his spoils. He pleaded excuse on account of his youth, the brutality of his father, and the persuasions of others.¹ Cesare retired to Spain, and fell in an obscure skirmish in 1507.

With the accession of Julius II. the Duke was secured in his possessions. The Pope's younger brother, Giovanni della Rovere of Sinigaglia, Prefect of Rome, had married Giovanna, the Duke's sister, and their son Francesco Maria was adopted by Guidobaldo as heir to the Duchy, his own

a benefactor to the Church at Bath, and his arms may be seen in the choir vault, and I think on the west front. Godwin tells an amusing story of his hope of the Papacy from the prediction of a witch, that came true of another Adrian. Polydore Vergil was his relation and was indebted to him for his introduction to England.

¹ Dennistoun, vol. ii. p. 30. Cesare, it is believed, was not thirty years old at his death.

marriage being childless. By this marriage and adoption the succession was assured, for otherwise Urbino, being a fief of the Church, would have lapsed to the Pope for want of an heir. This was a danger that constantly threatened those princes who were feudatories of the Church, which was always on the watch to incorporate their dominions into the Papal State and extinguish the fiefs. The independence of Rimini had been threatened in 1469, some thirty years before, when on the death of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta without legitimate heirs Pope Paul II. claimed it. Rimini, however, was held against him by Roberto, one of the illegitimate sons, who proclaimed himself Signor. Duke Federigo in alarm wrote to the Duke of Milan : "I am constrained to believe that the Pontiff and the Venetian Signory intend to occupy Rimini and all Romagna, and eventually Bologna too. Rimini once lost, the rest will speedily follow." The danger was then averted and Roberto established by a league of Milan, Florence, and Naples, and the defeat of the papal forces by Duke Federigo.¹ The whole policy of Julius was generally directed to aggrandizing the papal possessions in the same way, when a fief fell vacant ; but in the case of Urbino he connived at the continuance of the Duchy in the person

¹ *Vide* Trollope, *History of Florence*, vol. iii. p. 265.

of his nephew, whom he also made Prefect of Rome at the age of eleven years on the death of his father.

Guidobaldo's return was hailed by his people with joy. Castiglione tells how he was met by children with olive boughs, old men weeping for delight, crowds of men and women of all ages, "nay, the very stones seemed to exult and leap." The usurper's arms, which had been painted over the gates at the cost of from one to four ducats each, by no less an artist than Timoteo della Vite, were defaced and thrown down in a fury of popular resentment. Guidobaldo had the satisfaction of recovering most of the valuables of which the palace had been robbed, including a great part of his father's famous library.

The later history of Urbino may be told very briefly. Francesco Maria I. spent the greater part of his life in the field. In a fit of passion he stabbed and killed the Cardinal of Pavia, the Papal Legate, who he believed had betrayed him. Having the Pope for his uncle he escaped any serious consequences, but when the Medici came into power by the election of Leo X., his old crime was raked up against him and he was driven from his Duchy. The Pope gave it to his nephew Lorenzo, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent; but in 1519 the new Duke died, the victim of his own licentious excesses, leaving

only a daughter, Catherine, who became Queen of France as wife of Henri II. On the death of Leo X. in 1521 Francesco Maria recovered his Duchy. The reign of his son, Guidobaldo II., was not memorable. The last of the Della Rovere Dukes, Francesco Maria II., had a son Federigo, who died before him; the web of papal intrigue was drawn closely round him, and in 1625 he was induced to abdicate, and the Duchy was annexed to the papal dominions, to the great grief of the inhabitants. Urbino became a mere provincial town under a governor, and the library and treasures of the palace were transported to Rome.¹

¹ The story of the last Duke and the intrigues that led to his abdication has been adopted by the author of *John Inglesant* for his imaginary Duke of Umbria. But nothing can be less like the real Urbino than his imaginary city.

CHAPTER VI

URBINO

URBINO, the ancient Urbinum Metaurense, may now, I believe, be reached by railway. At the time of our visits we had to get there by road either in the diligence from Pesaro, a drive of twenty-three miles, or by carriage from Fano.

The drive from Pesaro took from five to six hours, the last part of the way being very hilly, and the return journey took about four; for Urbino stands very high, and indeed at the time of our visit was generally in the clouds. The scenery in the lowland district was enchanting. The road follows the river Foglia, with considerable hills on either side crowned with romantic castles and seductive little towns that made one long to climb up to them. The scenery had something about it that suggested the conventional compositions of the Classical school of landscape. The gently curving river, the compact rounded trees, generally oaks, which are not very common in Italy; the steep precipitous banks, with village, farm, or mill placed just where the painter would have wanted it had he been composing a landscape according to

PLATE VIII.



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URBINO.

[To face p. 76.]

Academic rule, reminded one of Claude Lorraine or Richard Wilson. The last hour and a half was occupied by a stiff climb towards Urbino, which is seen high up long before it is reached (Plate VIII.). The situation is romantic and magnificent.

The drive from Fano, whence we reached Urbino on our second visit, took about seven hours, including a rest on the way. Here a carriage met us on our return from Ancona, but we looked with dismay at the miserable little beasts that were to draw us, though the driver assured us they were "*due bravi cavalli; sono piccoli ma sono bravi.*" However, when we got to Fossombrone, towards the end of the flat country, where we were to rest the poor little animals for an hour and a half, the driver was forced to admit they could go no farther, and handed us over to a relation of his who had a fresh pair. This time, though *piccoli*, they were indeed *bravi*, and Urbino appeared towering above us long before we expected it.

Fossombrone, the ancient Forum Sempronii, has a long street with arcades, but is not otherwise interesting. There is a small palace of the Dukes, with a good chimney-piece and a coved wooden ceiling, the whole much dilapidated.¹ We lunched in company with a party of Italians, who had come to see the Furlo Pass, which lay

¹ Illustrated by Hofmann, *Bauten des Herzog Federigo di Monte feltro*, 1905.

rather out of our route, and had to be reserved for another day, on our way to Gubbio.

Urbino is entered by a narrow street under the shadow of the enormous mass of Duke Federigo's palace, which rises with wide-spreading spur-footed bastions and vast windowless walls, built as we afterwards found as a facing to the natural rock, the real level of the interior being far above our heads. By a malodorous brick stair we reached our inn, which was on the first and upper floors of an ordinary house in the main street, and we presented the introduction from our friend the innkeeper at Pesaro. It was read with great *empressement* by an important young gentleman with double glasses on his nose, and his hair in studied *négligé*, who turned out to be the waiter. The *padrone* we seldom saw: he passed his time upstairs in practising the violoncello, or rolling out bravura passages in a fine baritone voice that made the walls ring again. Nothing, however, could exceed the almost embarrassing attentions of the waiter, and on leaving we found our bill extremely moderate.

The town was a queer, rough place, a regular highland fortress. Our street led to a small piazza, whence two streets rose at a steep angle to still greater heights, and other streets pitched sharply down to the gate by which the road leaves for Città di Castello and Borgo San Sepolcro, or for Arezzo and Florence. Climb-

ing one of the narrow ascents we reached a desolate piazza, with the rather modern Duomo on one side, and the huge square block of the Palace facing us. Here it is only of a moderate height, and less imposing than when seen from the street below. Indeed, it is said that the top storey is a later addition, and that originally there was only a first floor containing the grand apartments above the ground storey.¹ The walls are of brick, and full of putlog holes, but there are signs that there was an idea at some time of facing them with stone. The west front that faces you as you enter the town is the only part of the exterior that makes much pretence to an architectural character: two tourelles crowned with a macchicolated cornice and a rather uninteresting spirelet flank a façade in the middle of which is a composition of *loggie* in several tiers one over another. The design is not very happy. The rest of the building shows great expanses of plain walls full of scaffold-holes, in which are set the windows and doors, many of them with beautiful detail. The interior of the palace, as with most Italian buildings of the kind, is more interesting than the outside. The exquisite decorative sculpture of the doorways, the staircase, and the lovely chimney-pieces, afford matter for weeks of study. Nothing in that way was ever done to surpass the beautiful arabesques of

¹ Arnold, *Der Herzogliche Palast von Urbino*.

Urbino. They are in the early or what is called the Bramantesque style of the Renaissance, though here at Urbino it can hardly be called Bramantesque, for Luciano preceded Bramante by four-and-twenty years, and Bramante, who was born in the Duchy, in all likelihood was influenced by Luciano's work, which he must have watched in its progress during his youth.

The famous library of Duke Federigo was lodged in two vaulted chambers near the entrance, of which the inner has a large boss in the middle, bearing the initials F · D, and the imperial eagle quartered in the ducal 'scutcheon, and impaling the papal insignia, to express the feudal rights of the Church. It is painted and gilt and surrounded by a wreath with flaming rays, from which little tongues of fire radiate as from a centre, and are dotted at regular intervals all over the barrel-vaulted ceiling. It has an odd, but not a bad, effect.

The formation of a fine library was one of the objects on which these splendid Italian courts deservedly prided themselves. The Laurentian Library at Florence, with its chained books, its fine fittings by Michelangelo, and its grisaille glass by Giovanni da Udine, is well known to most travellers. Sigismondo Malatesta founded a library at Rimini, and his brother, Malatesta Novello, founded one at Cesena in 1452, which he endowed with three hundred gold florins

yearly. It still remains, with its original fittings, one of the most perfect specimens of a mediæval library. It consists of a long vaulted hall, 133 feet 4 inches by 34 feet, divided into three naves by two rows of fluted marble columns. The desks and seats are combined, and the books are chained.¹ At Pesaro Alessandro and Costanzo Sforza founded a library which, it was said, rivalled those of Rome or Florence. In forming his library at Urbino, Duke Federigo spared no expense, and his collection was pronounced by his biographer, Vespasiano da Bisticci, to have no equal. After collating the catalogue with those of the Vatican, Florence, S. Marco, Pavia, and Oxford, Vespasiano says that in all but that of Urbino he found many authors incompletely represented, and many duplicates. Vespasiano has been called "the last of mediæval scribes and the first of modern booksellers. Besides being the agent of Cosimo de' Medici, Nicholas v., and Federigo of Urbino, he supplied the foreign markets by sending MSS. by order to Hungary, Portugal, Germany, and England."²

Federigo was fourteen years in forming his

¹ *Vide* illustration in *Care of Books*, p. 199, by J. W. Clark. The architect Nuzio of Fano has recorded his name in two hexameter lines :

MATHEVS · NVTIVS ·

FANENSI EX VRBE · CREATIVS ·

DEDALVS ALTER · OPVS ·

TANTVM · DEDVXIT · AD VNGVEM ·

² J. A. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, vol. ii. pp. 303, etc.

collection. Thirty or forty scribes were constantly employed at Urbino, Florence, or elsewhere in transcribing books for him : not a single printed book would you find in the whole library, for the Duke would have been ashamed, says Vespasiano, to own one.¹ This throws an interesting light on the reception given by a literary connoisseur to the new art which was to revolutionize the world. Here were to be found all the Latin poets, with the best commentaries ; all the works of Cicero and the best prose writers ; there was every known work on history ; there were all the best theologians, and the Bible, “the best of books,” written in two volumes with the richest and most beautiful illustrations, bound in brocade of gold, and lavishly ornamented with silver. There were, further, all the treatises on astrology, geometry, arithmetic, architecture, and military tactics, and a very curious volume with every ancient and modern military engine, which may perhaps have been one of the books by Francesco di Giorgio of which Vasari speaks.² There were also all books on painting, sculpture, and music ; the modern Italian poets, Petrarch and the rest ; all the Greek classics, philosophers, and Fathers, with the book of Paradise, lives of the Egyptian

¹ “I libri tutti sono belli in superlativo grado, tutti iscritti a penna, e non v'è ignuno a stampa, che ne sarebbe vergognato.” Vespasiano, ed. 1859, p. 99.

² “Disegnò anco alcuni libri tutti pieni di così fatti instrumenti ; il miglior de' quali hà il Sig. Duca Cosimo de' Medici fra le sue cose più care.”

saints, lives of Barlaam and Josaphat, and a remarkable Psalter in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Every book was bound in crimson ornamented with silver, "a rich spectacle," says Vespasiano. The sum spent on the collection was 30,000 ducats, but the collection was increased afterwards by succeeding Dukes, and a room seems to have been allotted to printed books, when the prejudice against the new mechanical art had been overcome. The library was transferred to the Vatican when the Duchy was absorbed into the Papal States, and the rooms are now prosaically filled by the Notarial Archives.

The fittings seem to have been arranged differently from the usual mediæval plan of placing the cases and seats at right angles to the wall, with a window to each pen or pew. At Urbino, on the contrary, the presses seem to have been arranged along the walls,¹ and there were eight of them each containing seven shelves. Baldi mentions two Bibles, one Latin, the other Hebrew, and very old; and the latter rested on a lectern of brass in the form of an eagle carrying the book with outspread wings. This lectern was a prize from Volterra, and is now in the Cathedral.

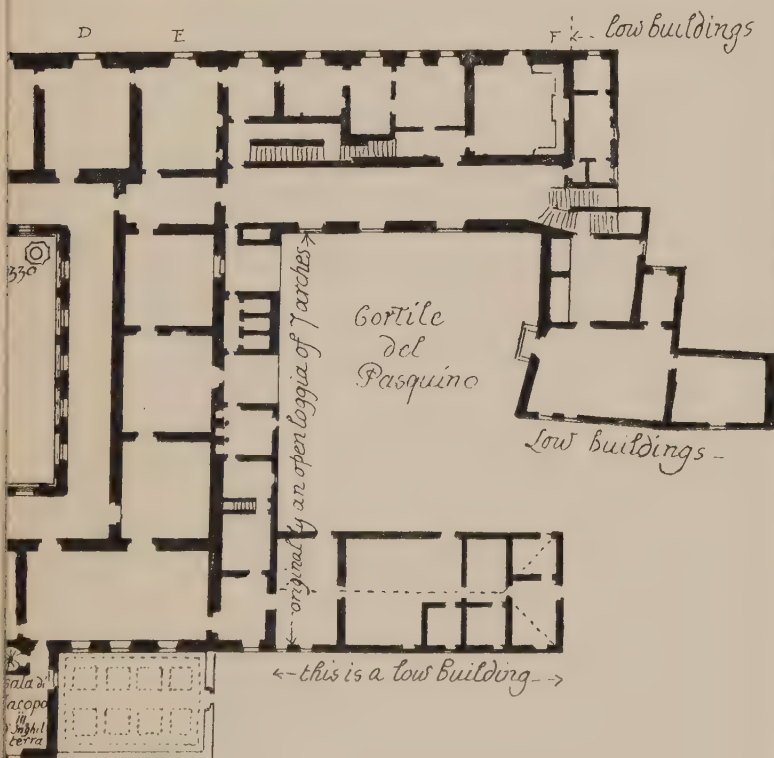
Federigo was not a mere collector, but so far as he had opportunity a student as well. He was a good Latin scholar, an accomplishment

¹ Baldi, writing in 1587, says: "Le scanzie de' libri sono accostate alle mura, e disposte con molto bell' ordine."

which Vespasiano thinks very useful for a great captain who aspires to imitate the deeds of the ancients. He had Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Politics* read to him in a Latin translation, and the works of the Fathers, among whom he preferred S. Thomas Aquinas to Scotus. Also the Latin classics, and the translation of Plutarch's lives were read to him, says Vespasiano, on which he commented freely. Of his knowledge of architecture we have spoken above, and he studied arithmetic and geometry with Maestro Pagolo, a German philosopher and astrologer. Music he delighted in, and had musicians of all kinds in his house ; "trumpets and loud instruments gave him no pleasure, but organs and delicate instruments pleased him greatly."

The palace, as will be seen from the plan (Fig. 7), covers a great deal of ground, for it had to serve a variety of purposes. Castiglione says it was not so much a palace as a city in the form of a palace. Besides being the residence of the Prince and his court, it was also a barrack for the military retainers, and a college of arms for the young nobles who came there to be instructed in the art of war. Room is now found within its walls for the offices of the Sotto-Prefetto of the district, for a prison, for the apartments of the Istituto delle Belle Arti, and for the Academia di Raffaello, and yet the state-rooms of Federigo's court are left unoccupied for the delectation of

DUCAL PALACE URBINO FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



visitors. The principal rooms are on the first floor round the great court, and in a wing that stretches out and joins the Duomo. The court is surrounded by an open arcade on the ground floor carrying a corridor above, lying within the range of apartments, which can thus be approached separately. For want of this arrangement in the great English palaces of Elizabethan and Jacobean days the rooms were all passage rooms, and must have been intolerably inconvenient. At some of them, as at Longleat and Burghley, an interior corridor has had to be contrived in modern times. The corridor on the first floor at Urbino leaves room for windows above it in the rooms it serves. The architecture of the court is plain and respectable, but not remarkable, and hardly deserves the laudation of a recent writer who calls it "*senza dubbio il più bello cortile del Quattrocento.*"¹

Round the court in the friezes is an inscription in honour of the founder :—

FEDERICVS • VRBINI • DVX • MONTISFERETRI • AC • DVRANTIS •

COMES • SANCTAE • R • ECCLESIAE • GONFALONERIVS •

ATQVE • ITALICAE • CONFOEDERATIONIS • IMPERATOR •

HANC • DOMVM • A • FVNDAMENTIS • ERECTAM • GLORIAE •

ET • POSTERITATI • SVAE • EXAEDIFICAVIT •

QVI • BELLO • PLVRIES • DEPVGNAVIT • SEXTIES • SIGNA •

CONTVLIT • OCTIES • HOSTEM • PROFLIGAVIT • OMNIVMQVE •

PRAELIORVM • VICTOR • DITIONEM • AVXIT •

EIVSDEM • IVSTITIA • CLEMENTIA • LIBERITAS •

ET • RELIGIO • PACE • VICTORIAS • AEQVAVERVNT •

ORNARVNTQVE •

¹ Lipparini, in *Italia Artistica*.

The grand staircase is, according to the usual Italian plan, in a corner of the square, and is entered by a doorway with beautiful arabesques. A niche on the upper flight contains a good seventeenth-century statue of Federigo in Roman costume by Campagna. The statue, like the portrait by Pier della Francesca now in the Uffizi at Florence, shows the Duke's face in profile (Plate VII., p. 64). The Duke had lost his right eye and a bit of the bone of the nose in jousting with Guidangelo de' Ranieri, a gentleman of Urbino, who had gained the prize in a tourney at Florence, and whom the Duke persuaded, against his will, to run a course with him. In a first course Guidangelo forbore to touch him, for which the Duke reproved him. In the next this accident occurred. The Duke kept his seat, and said that he had still one good eye left. "This captain of ours, with his single eye, sees everything," said Pope Pius II., during a later campaign.

Many fragments of antique marbles are let into the walls of staircase and corridor, and the doorways of the apartments are richly sculptured with arabesques which are perfect models of that kind of decoration. The one most generally admired is the Porta della Guerra, leading to the Sala d'Iole, sculptured with military accoutrements and warlike engines, but there are others still finer (Plate IX.). To the right of the staircase is the



URBINO.
THE PALACE, PORTA DELLA GUERRA.

[To face p. 86.]

entrance to the principal hall, the *Sala del Trono*, a magnificent vaulted room, lit by large windows with cosy window seats on the outer side of the chamber, and by oval lights on the other above the lean-to roof of the corridor. Four great chimney-pieces form the principal ornaments of the room, two of which by Domenico Rosselli are charmingly sculptured with amorini and festoons, left white on a blue ground and touched with gold. The *Sala degli Angeli*, opening from this hall, has a still more lovely chimney-piece, with a frieze of dancing cherubs whence the room takes its name. On the jambs are two little boys supporting baskets of flowers that can hardly be surpassed for decorative work (Plate X.). The material of all these is a compact white stone obtained, I was told, from the Furlo Pass, which for this kind of work is far superior to marble.

A wing from the great hall leads towards the Duomo, and contains the apartments of the Duchess, whence a curious little winding stair takes you to a private box or gallery in the Duomo itself.

Between the Duchess's wing and the main block, on the west side of the connecting wing, a hanging garden or terrace was formed by levelling up against the face of the rock with a vast vaulted substructure, part of it in two storeys (Fig. 8). On the outer side, next the

street, a long way below, by which you enter the town, this terrace is protected by a wall with five windows, and on the top of the wall, which is widened out by corbels on both sides carrying a pavement between balustrades, is, or rather was, a walk connecting the Duke's cabinet

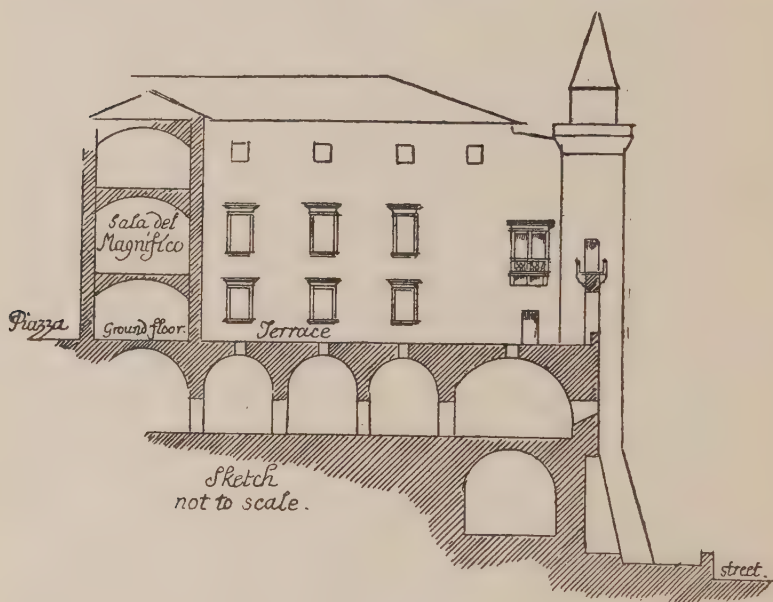


FIG. 8.

with the Duchess's apartments. A pretty little oriel bracketed out from the wall of the Duke's cabinet looks into this hanging garden. There is another smaller terrace on the other side of the turrets and loggia, between them and the projecting building containing the *Camera di Jacopo III.*, *Rè d'Inghilterra*, in which the Pre-



T. G. J.

URBINO — The Palace.
Chimney-piece degli Angeli.

tender lived when he was lodged in Urbino.¹ It has a decorated ceiling of a simple character.

The rooms allotted to the Academia de Raffaello, which here holds its classes and examinations, lie beyond the Sala degli Angeli and are now fitted up and furnished. They too are full of beautiful work. The Duke's cabinet is lined with intarsia of a rather too pictorial kind, but has a beautiful coffered ceiling. There is a tiny oratory attached to it, and the adjoining loggia commands a superb view over the country. Another chapel on the ground floor is said to be better than this oratory, but it is in the part belonging to the Istituto delle Belle Arti, and unluckily the professor had gone for his holiday and taken the key with him, and although I was armed with authority from the Prefetto at Pesaro to go where I pleased, and the custode offered to burst the door open for me, I did not venture on so desperate a measure.²

The rooms devoted to the offices of the Sotto-Prefetto occupy the eastern side of the court, facing the Piazza Vittorio-Emmanuele, and are in a different style to those just described. It is evident that there are two or more styles

¹ He lived here from July 1717 to October 1718, and again spent two days here in October 1722 with his wife Clementina Sobieski. Calzini, *op. cit.*

² There is an illustration of the interior of this Capella del Perdono in *Italia Artistica*, showing a barrel ceiling coffered, and apparently marble linings on the walls.

in the building, the work of at least two, if not three, architects. The interior court and the rooms that we have already visited are of pronounced Renaissance work, though of an early and Bramantesque type. Those towards the Piazza are in a lesser stage of development, and have still something of the older Gothic style hanging about them. The windows are arched instead of being square, and have a central shaft with two round-arched lights and a circle in the shield.

But this is not all. The five windows marked on the plan A to E are different from the rest, and have the lights cusped. Those to the south of E, though otherwise like these five, have no cusps, and the soffits of the round heads of the lights are coffered, with a rosette in each coffer. Between E and the next window southwards there is a seam in the wall, implying a break in the history of the building, and there is some sign of a similar break to the north of A. It is suggested, therefore, that this five-windowed length of the east front is part of an older building, which Luciano incorporated in his new work, continuing the two-light arched windows south of E as far as F, though with the slight difference I have described, which shows a later style. There are windows very like them in Alberti's Palazzo Rucellai at Florence, which is dated in 1467. One of these

uncusped windows has the ducal arms surrounded by the Garter with the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and is therefore later than 1474, the date of the Duke's creation as a knight of that order. This is six years after the patent to Luciano da Laurana, to whom I think this front from A southwards may certainly be attributed.

The part to the north of A, which is an end of the block containing the great staircase and the *Sala del Trono*, is in a different style. The three remaining windows are round arched but not divided into two lights, and below them is a continuation of an enriched frieze that turns the corner and runs up to the return wing containing the *Sala del Magnifico*. The windows and doors facing the Piazza Maggiore are square and all of thoroughly developed Renaissance work. Here either Luciano changed his style or some other architect succeeded him. It is evident that this part and the interior cortile, with the state-rooms on the remaining three sides of the cortile, go together, and are by one hand, and this being the greater part of the building the architect who designed it must be considered the real architect of the palace. Giovanni Sanzi, who saw the palace built, would not have said of Luciano that he was "*l'architetto a tutti gli altri sopra*" if he had only built the little bit from A to E, and we must therefore

take it that he continued the east wing southward in a style not clashing with the older block A to E, and then broke with it and built the great bulk of the palace in the more advanced style which we see, and in which he could show his own taste more freely.

The only difficulty seems to be that Federigo's inscription on the frieze distinctly says he built the palace from the foundations. But there is so little difference in date between the old and the new that he may possibly have built the length A to E before he entertained the larger scheme and employed Luciano.

The doors and windows in the interior of block A to E are designed in a very different and earlier phase of the Renaissance, and though very interesting do not show the sure touch of the work attributed to Luciano. One of the chimney-pieces is shown in Fig. 9.

How far Luciano carried his work towards completion we do not exactly know. It appears that after his death in 1479 it was finished by Baccio Pontelli, whose name first appears in that year.¹ To him, however, Calzini attributes only some internal decorations, and especially the inlaid furniture and doors, the palace being

¹ Baccio Pontelli was largely employed at Rome by Sixtus IV. Vasari attributes to him the Church of S. Maria del Popolo, S. Apostolo, S. Pietro in Vincula, and S. Sisto. Also the Ponte Sisto and other works.

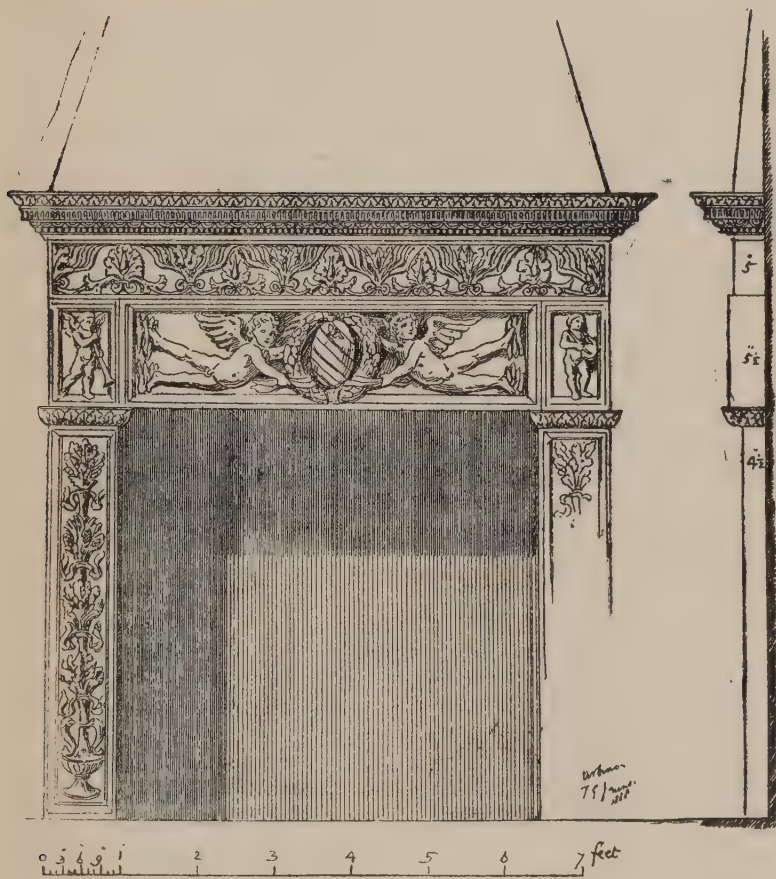


FIG. 9.

practically finished otherwise by Luciano. "The merit of the design and construction of this monumental palace," he continues, "the most important and most complete of that epoch, belongs entirely to Luciano."

Besides the five-window block A to E, it appears from Baldi that the wing next the Duomo containing the Duchess's rooms was part of the older palace. It was, however, evidently remodelled to match the rest.

Baccio Pontelli was living at Urbino after the death of Duke Federigo, and seems to have died there, for a monument to his memory, which no longer exists, was erected in the Church of S. Domenico at Urbino by the son of his daughter, the wife of one Gasparo Tazzini.

By an inclined plane from the cortile of the palace we descended to the ducal stables, which are in the basement, though owing to the steep pitch of the site still far above the level of the town street in which was our inn (*vide* Fig. 8, p. 88). They consist of two enormous vaulted chambers, partly under a wing of the palace and partly under the hanging garden of the Dukes, which has now been degraded to serve as the exercising ground of the prison. For among other things room is found in this enormous building for the district gaol, in which there were, at the time of our visit, eighty prisoners. We were told that at the recent manœuvres a hundred and fifty horses

were lodged in these stables, and ranged down the two sides of the chamber. At the far end the original mangers still exist. From the stable a spiral ascent practicable for a horse is contrived in a tower which rises to the top storey of the palace, passing on the way the ducal chambers, so that the Duke might go straight from his saddle to his bed, or from his bed to his saddle. There is a similar spiral roadway at the Château of Amboise on the Loire, and another, if I remember rightly, in the Castle of Loches.

In a different part of the basement, just behind the projecting loggia between the pair of turrets of the outer front, are some curious little dressing-rooms with baths sunk in the floor. The walls had once been lined with marble, and at a higher level is a little room with a fireplace for heating the water supply. It was a long while before any such appliances for cleanliness were to be found beyond the Alps. Of course these conveniences may be additions after Federigo's time, but the regulations for the Duke's own chamber imply similar provisions for cleanliness, ablutions with perfumed water, and frequent change of clothing, which was to be regulated by the direction of physicians and, strange to say, of astrologers. In his bedroom he was to have a bell, a night light, and in cold weather a fire. A fair picture of the domestic arrangements in a great Italian house at this

time is given by Sir Thomas Hoby, who describes his entertainment in 1550 by the Marquis of Capistrano at Salerno. He says: "Whithorn and I were had into a chamber hanged with clothe of gold and vellute, wherein were two beddes, thon of silver work, and the other of vellute, with pillowes, bolsters, and the shetes curioslie wrought with needle-worke."¹ It is interesting to compare with this the housekeeping of a great English Lord in 1568. Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, was ordered to entertain the Cardinal de Chatillon at Shene, and the Queen's officers came to make arrangements. "When they required plate of me," he says, "I told them, as truth is, I had no plate at all. Suche glasse vessell as I had I offred them, which they thought too base: for naperie I could not satisfy their turne, for they desired damaske worke for a long table, and I had no other but plain linnen for a square table. One only tester and bedsted not occupied I had, and thos I delivered for the Cardinall him self, and when we could not by any menes in so shorte a time procure another bedsted for the bushup I assigned them the bedsted on which my wiefes waiting women did lie, and laid them on the ground. Mine own basen and ewer I lent to the Cardinall, and wanted me self. When we saw that naperie

¹ *The book of the Courtier*, done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby. Introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh, p. xlviii.

and shetes could no where be had, I sent word thereof to the officers at the Courte, by which menes we received from my lord of Leceter 2 pair of fine shetes for the Cardinall, and from my lord Chamberlen one pair of fine for the bushup.”¹ Forty years later than this, in 1608, Tom Coryat is surprised by the sight of forks in Italy. “This form of feeding,” he says, “I understand is generally used in all places in Italy. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men’s fingers are not alike clean.” In England the practice was to hold the meat in the left hand, and cut with the knife in the right. The rule for good manners runs in the following couplet :

Touch never with your right hand no manner meat surely,
But with your left hand, as I said afore, for that is goodly.²

Polydore Vergil, however, who lived some years in England, and who, by the way, was a native of Urbino, speaks more favourably of English manners. He says that in bodily habit, in manners, and in the sound of their language the English and the Italians differ hardly at all.³

¹ From Memoir of Lord Buckhurst prefixed to his works. Ed. Hon. and Rev. R. W. Sackville West, 1859. Cited Raleigh, *op. cit.*

² *Social England*, vol. iii. p. 221.

³ “Angli . . . ut sono lingue Italice persimiles, ita corporum habitu ac moribus ab illis paene nihil discrepant.” Polyd. Verg., *Anglic. Hist.*, lib. i. Ortelius, the father of modern geographers, adopts this passage in his *Nomenclator Ptolemaicus* (Plantin, Antwerp, 1584).

The CATHEDRAL of Urbino stands close to the palace, and its north flank forms one side of the Piazza Maggiore, of which the palace encloses two more, the fourth side being open. It was built or rebuilt for Federigo and his son Guidobaldo, Federigo himself we are told having given the plan, by which we must understand that he settled the position and the general dimensions. Begun by Luciano, it was finished by Baccio Pontelli, or Girolamo Genga. But little now remains of this building, which was ruined by the fall of the cupola in 1789. It is now a respectable Classic building of no particular interest.

The Church of S. DOMENICO, facing the side of the palace, has a brick façade of Italian Gothic, with the addition of a graceful Renaissance doorway, in which is a lunette of Della Robbia ware, with a Madonna and infant Christ between four saints, admirably modelled. It was ordered of Luca della Robbia in 1449.¹

After the ducal palace the most interesting building in Urbino is the little Chapel of S. GIOVANNI BATTISTA, which is covered with admirable fresco paintings, and has a coved and panelled wooden ceiling decorated simply in colour. The paintings are by Lorenzo and Jacopo da S. Severino, "painters," says Lanzi, "who were behind their age." He adds that

¹ *Italia Artistica*. The architect was Maso di Bartolomeo.

they were alive in 1470. The subjects are scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, with a "Last Judgment" on the east wall. At the time of our visit the plaster was coming away from the wall in many places, and workmen were engaged in pouring a grout of plaster of Paris behind the loose parts, which I hope has been successful in securing them. The painting of these "primitives," and of Ottaviano Nelli of Gubbio, who I think surpassed them, is extremely interesting, and though it may be, as Lanzi says, behind the time, it has a great charm of its own to compensate its archaicism.

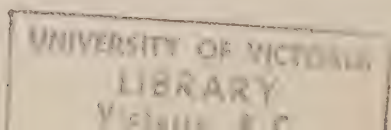
The Church of S. BERNARDINO, a little way beyond the walls and said to be an early work by Bramante, was the burying-place of the Dukes. Federigo and Guidobaldo I., are commemorated by two uninteresting urns, erected in the seventeenth century by the last Duke, Francesco Maria II.

CHAPTER VII

BALDASSARE DI CASTIGLIONE AND "IL CORTEGIANO"

THE great empty halls of the palace of Urbino, once adorned with "vases of silver, rich hangings of silk and gold, antique statues of marble and bronze, pictures of singular excellence, and musical instruments of every kind,"¹ but now deserted and bare, in which footsteps awake a melancholy echo, were in the time of the Montefeltre Dukes the home of the most refined Court of the Middle Ages. Count Baldassare Castiglione, either friend or relative of every member of its inner circle, has left us in his *Cortegiano* an unrivalled picture of the best Italian society of the day. He was born in 1478 near Mantua, and his mother was a Gonzaga, a relative of that ducal family, and also of the Duchess Elisabetta of Urbino, whom Castiglione paints as a model of all the virtues and graces. Though his life was spent chiefly in war and diplomacy, he was a scholar with wide interests and some knowledge of the arts. At Rome he became acquainted with

¹ *Il Cortegiano*, lib. i.





EFFIGIES COM. BALTHASSARIS CASTILIÖNII

Ex non ineleganti pictura apud Vulpios.

J.B. Cromer delin.

M. Francia sculp.

Duke Guidobaldo I., and got leave from the Marquis of Mantua, in whose service he had been, to transfer his services to Urbino. This was in 1504, and during the rest of Guidobaldo's life he was employed diplomatically in various ways, besides his attendance at the Court, which was the happiest time of his life. In the preface to the *Cortegiano* he speaks with affection and regret of his associates there, most of whom were dead and gone at the time of his publication, and above all he breaks out into a passionate lament for the death of the Duchess Elisabetta. "If my mind is disturbed," he says, "by the loss of so many friends and Signori, who have left me in this life as in a solitude full of grief, reason is it that I should grieve far more bitterly for the death of the Lady Duchess than for that of all the rest, for she outweighed them all in worth, and I was attached to her much more than to all the others."

In 1506 Castiglione was sent to England to receive the Order of the Garter for his master Guidobaldo from Henry VII., from whom he also received a decoration for himself.¹ He continued in the service of Francesco Maria I., the nephew and successor of Guidobaldo, and shared his reverses and exile during the Medicean usurpa-

¹ Duke Federigo also had been a Knight of the Garter; *vide supra*, p. 91.

tion of the Duchy. In an embassy at Rome previously he had become intimate with Raffaello and the artistic and literary men at the court of Leo x. When he died at Toledo in Spain, as ambassador from Clement to the court of Charles v., the Emperor said to his courtiers, "I tell you one of the finest gentlemen in the world is dead." His body was brought to Mantua and lies in a marble tomb of indifferent design by Giulio Romano,¹ with an epitaph by his friend, Cardinal Bembo.

His principal book, *Il Cortegiano* (The Courtier), was begun, as he tells us in his preface, in 1508, on the death of Duke Guidobaldo, while the virtues of that prince and the recollection of the pleasant society of his Court were fresh in his memory. "It is," he says, "a portrait of the Court of Urbino, by the hand, not of Raffaello or Michelangelo, but that of an undistinguished painter, who knows only how to draw the outline without adorning the truth with beautiful colour." The book was finished between 1515 and 1516. Copies of it, or parts of it, in manuscript were in the hands of some of his friends, and among others of Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, who, he says,

¹ There is an engraving of it in Bettini's *Le tombe ed i monumenti illustri d'Italia*, Plate xxi. He says it is in the Church of S. Maria delle Grazie, five miles from Mantua.

contrary to her promise, had caused a transcript of a great part to be made, which found its way to Naples, where he feared it would be printed. "Wherefore," he says, "alarmed by this danger, I determined to revise the book as far as time allowed, and to publish it myself, thinking it a lesser evil to show it imperfectly corrected by my hand, than much lacerated by the hand of others." It was published in 1528 at Venice by the Aldine Press, a year before his death, and became at once famous. It spread rapidly throughout Europe; it was translated into English by Sir Thomas Hoby in 1561, into Spanish, into French, and even into Welsh, and was accepted as the mirror and pattern of what a cultivated gentleman should be. A copy of "The Courtier" is constantly to be found in the catalogues of the libraries of gentlemen in the sixteenth century. On this model the great men of the Tudor and Elizabethan world tried to frame their manners. Sir Philip Sidney went beyond it. We see in him all the virtues of the *Cortegiano* without the touch of egotism that we find there. Sidney, the mirror of Christian chivalry, brings into the character of the perfect gentleman an element of humanity and self-denial that we miss in Castiglione's portrait.

The book is dedicated to Alfonso Ariosto, second cousin to the poet Ludovico, and is in

the form of a symposium or conversation in the palace on four successive evenings, different members of the party taking it in turn to define different aspects of the true Courtier's character, and to answer objections raised by others to what he says. Duke Guidobaldo does not appear. "Because," says Castiglione, "the Lord Duke, on account of his infirmity, always retired early after supper, every one generally betook himself to where the Lady Duchess Elisabetta Gonzaga was; where also was to be found the Lady Emilia Pia, who being as you know endowed with lively wit and judgment, seemed mistress of us all. Every one of us," he continues, "felt a high content each time we came into the presence of the Duchess: she seemed the chain that bound us together in brotherly love; and it was the same with the ladies, with whom we had free intercourse, and were allowed to talk, to sit, to jest, and to laugh as we pleased; but such was the reverence paid to the will of the Lady Duchess that this same liberty was the greatest restraint."

In the *Cortegiano* we see the best side of the Renaissance. There are passages in it, as there are in Shakespeare, in a broader vein than suits modern taste, and it must be admitted that some of the tales with which the Duchess and her ladies were amused are not what we should call draw-

ing-room stories. But it is quite free from the grossness of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, with whom virtue itself is criminal if it interferes with pleasure. The perfect Courtier is to be a soldier, but something more than a soldier; no braggart, not vain, but modest. He is to be at once a soldier, a philosopher, and a lover of the arts, of which he should even have some practical knowledge. This is very different from Lord Chesterfield's model: a gentleman with him was not to do anything himself, but to let others do it for him. To be a musician, or an artist, or even a connoisseur, would be discreditable to a well-bred man, in his opinion. The Courtier, Castiglione continues, must be good-humoured and considerate of others; not quarrelsome, though he will allow no liberties, and will defend his honour when assailed. He will not stoop to silliness or frivolity, but neither will he be stiff and unbending, and he will temper his gravity with pleasant jesting and wit. As a Courtier it will be his business to tell his Prince the truth, and his agreeable social qualities will help him to give unpalatable advice without offence. All agree that he should be a lover, but towards the end of the discourse this creates a dilemma, for if the Courtier is to have all these accomplishments and all this experience he can be no longer young, and yet love in an old man is ridiculous, and

makes boys laugh. Bembo replies to this by a rhapsody on the beauty of Platonic and "ideal" love, contrasted with the sensual love of boys, a love which is suitable to all ages ; and this brings the book to an end.

Castiglione says in his preface that some think he has portrayed himself in the "Perfect Courtier." To which he replies that he does not deny that he has attempted all he would like the Courtier to know, but that he is far from saying he has succeeded.

Castiglione's picture of the Courtier and that of the Prince he is to serve is no doubt idealized ; it is a measure of perfection perhaps unattainable in full. So it seems some of the company thought, and towards the end of the discourse Il Frigio complains that such a Prince as is described is like Plato's Republic, that we shall never see, unless, perchance, in heaven. Similarly some writers accuse Castiglione of representing the society at Urbino in too flattering a light, and maintain that the court of a *condottiere* could not have had the graces, nor have patronized and cultivated the arts in the manner he describes. To a certain extent, perhaps, the picture may be highly coloured. But one need not suppose that the pleasant gatherings and courtly talk in the Duchess's chamber are all imaginary and unlike the life that was led there, for the character and

accomplishments of the personages introduced into the *Cortegiano* and their close connexion with the great artists and literary men of their day are well known from other sources. Dr. Johnson observes that manners are better learned at small Courts than at large, where the personal influence of the Prince is more remote. At a small Court "you are admitted with great facility to the Prince's company, and yet must treat him with much respect. At a great Court you are at such a distance that you get no good." "Very true," says Boswell; "a man sees the Court of Versailles as if he saw it on a theatre." Johnson continues: "The best book that was ever written upon good breeding, *Il Cortegiano*, by Castiglione, grew up at the little Court of Urbino, and you should read it."¹

It was not without good reason that Castiglione claimed for Urbino the reputation of having the most cultivated Court of his day. The easy flow of conversation that he describes, the friendly repartee, the light and playful banter, and the more serious discussion towards the end of the book, leave one with the impression of a highly refined society equally removed from frivolity on the one hand and from pedantry on the other. The conversations in the *Cortegiano* may be imaginary, but the speakers were intimate friends of

¹ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, chap. xl. (ed. Croker).

Castiglione, many of them were alive when his book was published, and the sentiments he puts into their mouths would naturally be all in character, and such as he had heard them express in real life.

The conversations which are the theme of the book are supposed to have taken place in 1506, after the restoration of Guidobaldo on the fall of Cesare Borgia, and while Castiglione was absent in England, whither he had gone to receive the Garter for his Duke. He thus avoids introducing himself into the story. It is supposed further, in the setting of the drama, that Pope Julius II., who had been entertained at Urbino on his return from receiving the submission of Bologna, had left for Rome that morning, leaving behind him the brilliant company that had assembled to do him honour. The principal personages are most of them known to history. Ottaviano Fregoso was of a great Genoese family, and his mother was a natural daughter of Duke Federigo, and therefore half-sister to Duke Guidobaldo. Ottaviano became Doge of Genoa in 1513. His brother, Federigo Fregoso, was afterwards Archbishop of Salerno, then of Gubbio, and Cardinal. Giuliano de' Medici, Il Magnifico, was the third son of Lorenzo de' Medici, and was made Duc de Nemours by François I. His monument by Michelangelo at S. Lorenzo, Florence, with the reclining figures of Day and Night, faces that

of his unworthy nephew Lorenzo, the usurping Duke of Urbino, who is thought to have poisoned him. Pietro Bembo, afterwards Cardinal, was a Venetian, the apostle of Ciceronianism. Cesare Gonzaga was Castiglione's cousin. Count Ludovico da Canossa, of a famous family, afterwards took Orders and became Bishop of Bayeux. Bernardo Bibbiena, afterwards Cardinal, was the friend and patron of Raffaele. L'Unico Aretino, otherwise Bernardo Accolti, whose poetical fame and skill in improvisation encouraged him to assume the title of "Unique," by which he is always spoken of, was the devoted admirer of the Duchess, and an aspirant to her favours, though she gave him no encouragement. Ten years later, in 1516, Bembo revisited Urbino, and found him still in the agonies of a hopeless passion. The Lady Emilia Pia, the friend and confidante of the Duchess, was the daughter of Marco Pio of Carpi, and widow of Antonio, a natural son of Duke Federigo. Gasparo Pallavicino, a Lombard, is a prominent speaker in the debates, and Il Frigio and several others take a more or less important part in them.¹

¹ The gibes at Churchmen, in which the *Cortegiano* abounds, were enjoyed at the court of Leo x., and till the time of the Reformation. But afterwards, when the Catholics were on their good behaviour, Castiglione's book was put on the *Index*. In the edition by Serassi, published at Padua in 1766, some of the stories are omitted, and others are Bowdlerized, as will be seen by the notes in the following chapter.

It was a goodly company. "In truth," says Castiglione in his fourth book, when he laments the death of so many of that brilliant circle, "there did not issue from the Trojan horse so many Lords and Captains as there came forth from this house men endowed with singular virtues, that commanded the most exalted praise from every one."

Throughout the book the characters of the different personages are admirably well preserved. The Duchess says very little, except to call the speaker to order when he is wandering from the main subject to other themes, and she preserves a graceful dignity. Emilia is lively and witty. Count Ludovico and Federigo Fregoso take the aristocratic view, and show the more brilliant but superficial side of the ideal Courtier. Gasparo Pallavicino, the Lombard, is more liberal, and protests against the exclusiveness of nobility. He contributes most to the liveliness of the discussion by his criticism of the speaker. Cesare Gonzaga is the gay cavalier who would have the court splendid and rich

With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence and adjudge the prize
Of wit or arms.

L'Unico Aretino harps on nothing but his absurd and unrequited passion, and fires off impromptu verses which the company believe he

has prepared beforehand. Bernardo Bibbiena is witty and frivolous; a fount of jests and funny stories, which take up a good part of the second book. Bembo, the stylist, who subjected all his writings to fourteen revisions, who would not follow any author but Cicero, who is said to have thought more of the manner than the matter of what he wrote, and who discouraged Sadoletto from reading St. Paul's Epistles for fear of corrupting his style,¹ winds up the colloquy with a high-flown panegyric of Platonic and "ideal" love. Morello da Ortona is commonplace and unsentimental, and his blunt sayings provoke some ridicule. He is older than the rest, but affects to be youthful, which also lays him open to attacks of wit from the others.

Throughout the discussions there are amusing passages of arms between the gentlemen and the ladies as to the position of women. Gasparo Pallavicino frankly preaches their natural inferiority to men, but he says, that not being their fault, we should treat them with respect, though it is a mistake to rate them too highly. Il Frigio is still more contemptuous of the sex. The defence of the ladies is entrusted to Giuliano de' Medici, Il Magnifico, who displays throughout the book an amiable and kindly nature, and a lofty moral tone. Ottaviano Fregoso is classed by Emilia

¹ Such *ineptiæ*, he says, are not fit studies for a serious man.

among her enemies, though he playfully disclaims any hostility to the sex. But women seem to have no place in his scheme of life. He regards them with a sort of amused tolerance, not without many a sly hit at their vanity and extravagance. Ottaviano is the finest character in the piece. He raises the whole discussion to a more serious level, regarding the portrait of the perfect Courtier drawn by those who have spoken before him as too trivial and superficial. Besides the Courtier he describes the Prince as he should be, not the mere selfish despot of whom Italy had too many, but the father of his country, recognizing his duty towards the people who are entrusted to his stewardship, and regarding their well-being as his main concern.

The Duchess foreshadows his being called to fulfil the task he has laid down for his ideal Prince, and prophesies the benefit it will be for his people. Ottaviano was in fact elected Doge of Genoa, in which state the Fregosi were a powerful family. He helped to rid his country of French rule, after the defeat of Louis XII. in 1513. Though Francis I. claimed the Lordship of Genoa, Ottaviano was continued as Doge, and under his temperate and judicious rule that much-vexed republic enjoyed three years of peace and happiness. He was overthrown by Charles V., at the instigation of the rival Genoese families of

Adorni and Fieschi. Genoa was surprised and sacked with atrocious violence; Ottaviano was taken prisoner and paraded through the streets amid the taunts of the foreign soldiery, and he died in prison at Naples, not without the usual suspicion of poison.

These are the principal personages in Castiglione's drama, whose characters will be brought out more fully in the following brief account of the book. Told in the most beautiful language and enlivened with flashes of kindly humour and playful wit, *Il Cortegiano* has a peculiar fascination, and I think no one can rise from its perusal without feeling that he has been in fine company.

CHAPTER VIII

“IL CORTEGIANO”—THE COURTIER

It was a common pastime in Italy then, as it is still sometimes with us, to propose a game in the evening and appoint one of the party to preside and adjudge the forfeits or fanciful penalties. There is a story of one lady who, when asked to propose a game, sent for a basin and towel, and proposed that all the ladies should wash their faces, she being the only one not painted.

On the present occasion the Duchess asked the Lady Emilia Pia to propose a game, and appointed her president for the evening, with full powers. The party were seated in a circle, men and women alternately as far as the number of the ladies held out, for there were more gentlemen than ladies. Each in turn was asked to suggest a subject for the game. Many proposals were made. Gasparo Pallavicino suggests that each should state the excellence and the defect he would prefer to find in his lady-love. Cesare Gonzaga says that as we are all guilty of some folly or other, let each one confess his own. Fra

Serafino, who seems to be the buffoon of the party, says, "Let us explain why women hate rats and love snakes. You will see that nobody but I really knows why," and he is going to give his explanation when Emilia stops him, and passes on to L'Unico Aretino, whose suggestion is that each should interpret the ornament like an S which the Duchess wore on her forehead, on which he improvises a sonnet, which, however, it was thought he had prepared beforehand. Ottaviano Fregoso, who protests he has avoided falling in love for fear of suffering a lover's pains, proposes that each who has so suffered should trace the reason of his lady's disdain. Lastly, the suggestion of Federigo Fregoso, that they should define the perfect Courtier, was accepted by Emilia, who, turning with a laugh to Count Ludovico da Canossa, says, "Now then, not to lose time, it shall be your part to do what Messer Federigo proposes, not because we think you so good a courtier that you must know what befits the character, but because you will say it all wrong, and so make a better game, for every one will have to answer you ; whereas if any one who knows better had the task no one would contradict him, and it would make the game very dull."

"There will be no lack of contradiction, Signora," says the Count, "you being present."

This made them all laugh, and the Count

continues: "What you say of me in jest is true indeed; the subject seems to me too difficult and I would gladly escape it. However, as it pleases you to lay this charge upon me, I neither can nor will refuse it, nor will I disobey your order and judgment, which I rate higher than my own. I begin my task therefore by saying that the ideal Courtier should in the first place be of noble birth, for a nobleman will feel bound to maintain the honour of his family and even to increase it, and that is a great spur to honourable conduct; and in the next place he should be handsome and graceful in face and person, which would make him attractive at first sight."

"As we are allowed to contradict," says Gasparo Pallavicino, "I could tell of many men of noble birth who are full of vice, and others of ignoble origin full of virtue. Noble birth and gifts of person are pure accidents, and due more to our ancestors than to ourselves."

"I do not deny the truth of what you say, but observe it is the *perfect* Courtier that we are defining," says the Count, "and nobility will help by creating at the beginning a good impression; while one who has not the advantage of noble birth will have to make his way with more difficulty. You see then of what great importance it is that the first impression the Courtier makes should be favourable. In the next place, his

profession should be that of arms, in which he should gain distinction. But he must not be a braggart like one whom I will not mention, who when a lady invited him to dance, or to listen to music, or to several other entertainments which she proposed, refused them all, saying that these trifles were not his business. 'What then,' said she, 'is your business?' 'Fighting,' he said. 'Well then,' she replied, 'as there is no fighting going on, the best thing you can do is to grease yourself, and put yourself away in the cupboard with your armour for fear of growing more rusty than you are already.' Nor will our Courtier brag like one of our men the other day, who when a pike was driven through his thigh said he thought a fly had bitten him. Nor like another, who said he dared not keep a mirror in his room because when he was in a rage his look was so terrible that he was afraid it might frighten him."

They all laughed, and Cesare Gonzaga asked whether Alexander the Great was not a still bigger braggart when he wept to think there were no more worlds to conquer.

"Alexander was a greater man," says the Count, "and one can pardon presumption in men of greater mark."

"You said just now," interrupted Bernardo Bibbiena, "that our Courtier must be handsome in face and person. Now I have a handsome

face, and many ladies as you know are in love with me, but as to person I am doubtful ; these legs of mine are not all I could wish, though as to bust and the rest of me I am well content."

This makes them all laugh.

"Certainly," says the Count, "you have an attractive countenance, though the lineaments are not very delicate, but they incline to a manly type, and such would I have those of my Courtier to be. Our Courtier," he continues, "must be a good horseman, skilled in the use of arms either mounted or on foot or in the tourney, and expert in the chase, which is an image of warfare, and in all manly exercises and games, such as the *pallone*. He should be able to swim, to wrestle, and to vault, but whatever he does should be done gracefully, and he should not be above taking part in amusements, playful banter, and dances, taking care not to stoop to frivolity and silliness."

"Since all these exercises have, as you say, little value except they are done gracefully," says Messer Cesare, "and as some men are graceful naturally and others not, tell us how gracefulness in bodily exercises or anything else can be acquired and learned."

"It is not my business to teach you that," replies the Count, "but to tell you what befits the Courtier, like the soldier who tells the smith

what fashion he will have his armour but does not show him how to hammer and temper the metal. It is needful to have a good master, like our Messer Pietro Monte, whom the scholar will imitate, taking care not to catch mere tricks of manner, like those who copied King Ferdinand of Arragon in his habit of raising his head and twisting a corner of his mouth, which was really an infirmity. For, above all, he must avoid affectation, and not behave like some of our Lombard friends, who, if they have been abroad a year, come back talking like a Roman or a Spaniard or a Frenchman, from conceit of displaying their knowledge; much as if I were to use old Tuscan words in these conversations of ours which the Tuscans of to-day have abandoned, for which you would all laugh at me."

"No doubt," says Messer Federigo, "that would be absurd. However, I hold that this does not apply to writing, to which the older forms give authority and dignity more than the modern."

"I think," replies the Count, "it would be odd to use in writing words we should never use in speaking. For writing is only a form of speaking, and being durable instead of fugitive like speech, it is still more necessary that it should be intelligible."

"But every great city in Italy," objects Messer Federigo, "has its own dialect. Which

then will you choose? For instance, if you were not required to choose the best, a man might as well choose Bergamasc as Florentine, and according to you he would not be making a mistake. Better make Petrarch and Boccaccio our models of good style, just as Virgil imitated Homer."

"It is not for me," says Il Magnifico, "to contradict any one who says the *Lingua Toscana* is more beautiful than the rest. But there are many words in Petrarch and Boccaccio that I should never use either in speaking or writing. And I think were they alive they would not use them either."

"Yes, they would," says Messer Federigo, "and you Tuscans ought to revive your language, and not let it die as you are doing."

"We are getting away from our subject," says the Duchess. "Count Ludovico must teach his Courtier to speak and write well, whether in Tuscan or in what you please."¹

"It seems to me," resumes the Count, "that what the Courtier needs in order to do that, is knowledge: unless a man has anything worth saying, he can neither write nor speak to any

¹ The use of modern and current forms of language is discussed here at great length. Castiglione also touches on it in his preface, defending the modern use. Dante is never mentioned, the discussion being confined to more modern language.

advantage. His style both in speaking or writing should be graceful and clear. In speaking, the voice should be good, not too soft like a woman's, nor so harsh as to savour of rusticity, but sonorous, clear, pleasant, well-pronounced, accompanied with suitable gestures, consisting in certain motions of the whole body, not affected or violent, with a movement of the eyes which is even more expressive than gesture. But all this is useless unless the sentences conveyed by the words be fine, ingenious, acute, and weighty, as the matter requires."

"I doubt," said Signor Morello, "if your Courtier speaks like that, many of us would not understand him."

"On the contrary," says the Count, "every one will understand him, for facility does not forbid elegance; nor need he be always grave, but may indulge in pleasantries, provided they are in good taste. As to imitation of other writers, all language is progressive. Antony, Cicero, and the rest avoided the words used by Cato, and Virgil those of Ennius. Would you like me to say *Campidoglio*, *Girolamo*, *aldace*, and *padrone* because some ignorant old Tuscan wrote the words so, instead of *Capitolio*, *Jeronimo*, *audace*, and *patrone*?¹ Imitation must not stifle originality. Look at our great painters,

¹ Except with *audace*, however, custom has gone against the Count.

Leonardo Vinci, Mantegna, Raffaello, Michelangelo, Giorgio da Castelfranco, every one with a manner of his own. And so with the ancient Greek and Latin poets. But let us get back to our Courtier."

"I think," says the Lady Emilia, interrupting Messer Federigo, who was about to reply, "this discussion is too long and tiresome. I shall punish you both if you say any more about it. We will put it off for another time."

"Well, then," says the Count, "we were speaking of affectation, a defect of which ladies are guilty in trying to make good what nature has denied them, by arts which men know all about, though you do not think so."

Madonna Costanza Fregoso laughed, and said, "Never mind the ladies; tell us whence real grace arises, and talk of the Courtier's part in it."

"What I said," replies the Count, "is really to the point, for the less a lady is made up by art the more she pleases. And so with the Courtier; let him be genuine and sincere, prudent, honest, with a strong and well-balanced mind. And further, he should be well lettered, not like the French, who hate literature, despise scholars, and with whom 'clerk' is a term of abuse, and who care for nothing but arms."

"You say true," replies Il Magnifico Giuliano,

"but we may hope that if the Count d'Angoulême¹ succeeds to the throne of France letters will flourish there as well as arms."

"Who is there so timid and humble," continues the Count, "as not to be inflamed with desire to acquire fame as he reads of Cæsar, Alexander, Scipio, and Hannibal? If it be said that the study of letters has debilitated the Italians, I admit it in the case of some, who have brought disgrace on all the rest. Let us pass this over with shame. I would have our Courtier more than moderately learned, especially in those studies that are called of 'humanity,'² and that both in Greek and Latin, and he should practise writing both prose and verse, especially in our own language."

"I think," says Ludovico Pio, "there is no vessel big enough to hold all you want to put into your Courtier."

"Wait a bit," says the Count, "there is much more to come. He must be a musician."

Signor Gasparo interrupts: "Music and many other vanities I think only fit for women and effeminate persons, who do not deserve to be called men: it weakens their mind and makes them afraid of death."

¹ Afterwards François I.

² "*Questi studii che chiamano d' umanità*"—that is, the Greek and Latin classics. *Litterae humaniores*.

"To undertake the praise of music," replies the Count, "is too wide a subject for me. But the ancients have always held that music awakens virtue and makes it live. The Lacedæmonians, who were a most warlike people, and the Cretans went into battle to the sound of lyres and soft instruments. Alexander, excited by music, rushed from the banquet to arms. Socrates learned to play the lyre in his old age. Plato and Aristotle both would have the educated man also musical, and Lycurgus included music in his severe code of laws. There is another thing also which is of importance for our Courtier. He must know how to draw, and have some knowledge of painting. This is not unbecoming to a gentleman; the first of the Fabii was a painter, Fabius Pictor. To imitate the works of Nature and of God is worthy of all praise. Sculpture and painting both come from the same source, though painting is capable of the higher art."

"What do you say to that?" says Emilia, turning to Giovanni Cristoforo Romano, who sat among the rest. "Do you admit that painting is a higher art than sculpture?"

"I think," says Cristoforo, "you say this in favour of your Raffaello, and not as you really think; but observe this, that you are praising the artist, not the art. Both arts imitate nature, but how can you say that a figure in marble or bronze,

in which all the limbs are in the round, is not nearer truth than a painting which is on a flat plane, with colour to deceive the eye? You won't tell me that to be is not nearer truth than to seem. I hold also that marble work is more difficult, for you cannot correct a mistake as in painting."

"I am not speaking in favour of Raffaello," says the Count smiling, "nor must you think me so ignorant as not to know the excellence of Michelangelo, and your own, and that of others who work in marble. But I speak of the art and not of the artist. Painting, with colour, perspective, and foreshortening can give what sculpture cannot, and also can represent sky, sea, earth, mountains, woods, meadows, gardens, rivers, towns, and houses, which are beyond the scope of sculpture. And so I would have our Courtier acquire knowledge of painting, which at all events will enable him to appreciate the art of others, both ancient and modern."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a great noise of trampling and loud voices, and turning to the door the company saw a great blaze of torches, and in came the Signor Prefetto¹ with his suite, who had accompanied the Pope

¹ Francesco Maria della Rovere, nephew and adopted successor of Guidobaldo. He was then sixteen years old and had been made Prefect of Rome by his uncle, Julius II.

part of his way home, and hearing on entering the palace what was happening, hastened to join in the game. So having made his reverence to the Lady Duchess, and caused the rest to take their seats, for all had risen at his coming, he too sat down in the circle with some of his gentlemen, and as no one spoke, he said,

"Signori, my arrival would be a misfortune if it put a stop to such good discourse."

But Count Ludovico pleaded fatigue after bearing the principal part in the discussion, and it was now late, and so the Duchess gave the signal for retirement, and brought the first evening of the discussion to a close, and with it ends the first book of the *Cortegiano*.

On the second evening the subject is resumed after supper, the party being increased by Francesco Maria and his suite. It was now the part of Federigo Fregoso to tell how the Courtier was to employ the gifts with which Count Ludovico had endowed him, and the company awaited his argument with the greatest attention.

"This does not seem to me a great matter," says L'Unico Aretino; "if the Courtier is the man of good judgment that the Count has pictured to us he will naturally know how to behave."

"You are going too far," replies Messer Federigo. "Rules of conduct are useful and necessary.

For though our Courtier may know generally how to behave, he will be helped by rules for his guidance in particulars, so as to avoid mistakes in conduct. And as men are wont to blame rather than to praise, and are always ready to point out errors or what look like errors, I begin by saying that our Courtier will be cautious and prudent; and just as a good painter enhances his colours by contrast, and by deepening his shadows throws his lights into relief, or by strong light intensifies his shadows, so in the behaviour of our Courtier, his courage will be exalted by his modesty, and his modesty by contrast with his valour. His will be deeds, not words. He will rather hide than display his exploits, and, as the Count said yesterday, will avoid affectation. He will consider well the matter, the place, the presence in which he acts or speaks, the time, the reason, his age, his profession, the object aimed at, and the means for attaining it."

Here Messer Federigo paused a little while, when suddenly Signor Morello da Ortona broke the silence: "These rules of yours," said he, "leave me as wise as I was before. I remember hearing something like them from the friars at confession, and I think they called them 'the circumstances.'"

Messer Federigo laughed, and then continued: "We settled yesterday the Courtier was to be a

soldier. Now our rule will teach him how to display his valour to advantage. In deeds of arms he will try to distinguish himself in the view of the most eminent men in his army, and particularly of the King, or the Prince whom he serves. He will not risk his life, like some we know, to capture a flock of sheep as readily as he would to lead a forlorn hope, remembering that what takes him to war should be only honour. Do you not think, Signor Morello, that our rules would have been useful a little while ago to a friend of ours of whom we were talking the other day, who sat down by a lady he had never seen before, and told her how many men he had killed, how brave he was, how he could use a two-handed sword, and then got up to show her how to ward off the blows of an axe, or to use a dagger, so that the poor lady was bored to death, and an hour seemed to her a thousand years before she could get rid of him, almost wondering whether he would kill her like the others? This is one of the mistakes into which those fall who pay no regard to what your friends the friars call 'the circumstances.'

"Well then, in all public displays, bodily exercises, jousts, and games, our Courtier will take care to be well turned out as to horse and arms, and will consider in what presence he is engaging: for it is not convenient that a gentle-

man should honour with his person or his presence a rustic feast where the spectators and company are ignoble."

"We have no such scruples in Lombardy," says Gasparo Pallavicino; "on the contrary, many young gentlemen may be seen dancing all day in the sun with peasants at their festivals, and playing with them at throwing the bar, wrestling, running, and leaping; and I think it not a bad thing, because there it is not a question of nobility, but of strength and skill, in which very often country lads are as good as noblemen; I think too that this familiarity has in it a certain amiable freedom."

Messer Federigo, however, will not have it. He says: "It would be a shocking thing for a gentleman to be overthrown by a peasant, and so the Courtier had better stay away from such encounters unless he is quite sure of winning. Indeed, games not being his profession should not tempt him to seek distinction in them, and should only interest him slightly."

"A young Cardinal of ours at Rome," says Cesare Gonzaga, "does better than that, for he takes his guests into the garden and invites them to strip to their jerkins and play with him at leaping, even if he has never seen them before."

"Dancing and masques are allowable if indulged in with due restraint," continues Messer

Federigo; "and music, with accompaniment of viola, and in select society, especially of ladies. Above all, the Courtier will consider his age, and not give us the absurd spectacle of an old man, grey and toothless, singing love songs in a company of women."

"Oh!" says the Magnifico, "don't rob the old men of this pleasure; I know many who sing and play better than the young ones!"

"I don't wish to rob them of this pleasure," says Messer Federigo, "but to rob you and the ladies of your laughter at such folly. If old men want to sing to the viola, let them do it in private, and the same with dancing."

"You had better say at once," says Signor Morello in a pet, "that only young men can be Courtiers."

Messer Federigo laughs, and says: "You see, Messer Morello, that those who love these things when no longer youthful, try to appear so, and dye their hair, and trim their beard twice a week, because nature tells them these amusements are fit only for the young."

Here all the ladies laughed, for these remarks hit Messer Morello rather hard, and he was somewhat ruffled by them.

"But there are other ways," says Messer Federigo, "in which old men may suitably entertain ladies."

"Telling them stories, I suppose," says Signor Morello.

"That too," says Messer Federigo. "But they can help by their advice and experience, accompanying the gravity of their years with a certain restrained and easy pleasantness. I like too to see in young men a certain gravity and silence, that gives an air of superiority to other youths. It also gives much more weight to their action when they are roused from their quiet, when all their force is displayed suddenly, instead of being heated gradually; whereas those who, when they are about to engage in any enterprise, talk and jump about, and cannot stand quiet, seem to exhaust themselves, and, as our Messer Pietro Monte says, they are like children who are afraid in the dark, and sing to keep up their courage. All these conditions, however, will not gain for our Courtier that favour he desires with lords and knights and ladies, without a gentle and amiable manner in his daily conversation; and for that I do not see how to lay down any rule."

"But you are not to escape in this way," says the Lady Emilia. "You have to go on till bedtime."

"But what if I have nothing to say?" he replies.

"It is a chance to show your wit," says the

Lady Emilia. "I have heard that one man has written a book about a fly; another, a book about the ague; and a third, one in praise of baldness."

"I think we have already said enough to fill two books," says Messer Federigo, "but since I am not to be excused I will do my best. I say, then, that the most important conversation the Courtier will have will be with his Prince, whom he will love, and as it were adore above everything, and he will address himself in every way to give him pleasure."

Pietro da Napoli breaks in: "There is plenty of that sort of courtier, and in short you have described a fine flatterer."

"You are quite mistaken," replies Messer Federigo, "for flatterers don't love their Lords. Our Courtier will try to please his Prince only in things laudable or indifferent. He will be careful to avoid contention or presumption, and will seem rather to decline than seek favours for himself, and will be discreet when asking them for others. He will not push himself uninvited into his Lord's privy-chamber, whatever be his authority, for Princes sometimes like privacy and to be alone. And when he is admitted to private intimacy he will throw off all air of business and try to be pleasant and agreeable to his Lord in order not to deprive him of his relaxation. He will not fish for favours, nor sulk if they are

denied him, nor if he receives a favour will he behave as some do who go beside themselves with joy, and call all the world to witness their good fortune."

Messer Cesare Gonzaga says: "I think you have stolen that from the Gospel—'When thou art invited to a wedding, go and sit in the lowest place, that when he who invited thee come he may say, Friend, go up higher. Then shalt thou have honour in the presence of thy fellow-guests.'"

"You are more learned in the Scriptures," replies Messer Federigo, "than I supposed. The best way," he continues, "to gain favour is to deserve it."

This is denied by Vincenzo Calmeta, who says it is only the importunate who get anything at the courts of France or Spain. And moreover, they are the people whom the Princes like best.

Messer Federigo says that this is a serious accusation to bring against those Princes, and that if a Courtier should be in the service of a Prince of that kind he should take the earliest occasion of leaving him.

Ludovico Pio asks what is the Courtier to do who serves a bad Prince; one who perhaps should order him to commit a murder?

"We are not bound to obey any one in dishonourable things," says Messer Federigo.

"Resolve me a doubt," says Signor Gasparo, "as to the duty of obedience. Suppose my Prince orders me to do a certain thing in a certain way, and I see, when it comes to the point, a better. Am I to obey or not?"

"I might answer you," says Messer Federigo, "by the example of Manlius Torquatus, who beheaded his son for winning a victory when ordered not to engage. I can only say that in each case you must weigh the advantage of possible success against the disadvantage of possible failure. And especially consider the temper of your chief. Publius Crassus had an engineer beaten to death because, instead of sending him from Athens the mast he had ordered for a battering-ram, he had sent him a better one.

"However, to turn from conversations with Princes to that with equals, or those a little above equality, there are some fools who will leave the best friend in the world if they meet another in finer clothes, and quit him in turn for a third still smarter; and if the Prince should pass in the piazza or elsewhere, they elbow their way through the crowd to get at him, and, though they have nothing to say, chatter and laugh and clap their hands and wag their heads, to show the people their importance. These men are not worth talking about."

"As you touch on the subject of dress," says

Il Magnifico Giuliano, "how would you have our Courtier attire himself?"

"I don't know how to lay down a strict rule," says Messer Federigo, "but I think he should avoid extremes, the wide French costume on one hand, and the tight German costume on the other, and follow the better Italian fashion. The finest colour is black or some dark shade for every day, but over armour or on festal occasions splendid colours. Above all, his dress should be clean and delicate, with a certain daintiness, free however from effeminacy. For the Courtier will be judged to some extent by his dress, though more by his behaviour, and by his choice of associates and friends."

Pietro Bembo says the days of great friendships are gone by; there are no men now like Pylades and Orestes, Theseus and Pirithous, Scipio and Laelius; and he has so often been deceived by those he loved and trusted that he has sometimes resolved to trust nobody again.

Messer Federigo scouts this idea. "The Courtier cannot do without friendship; above all, he should have one principal and cordial friend, with whom to share all his thoughts and affections. Among his associates he will maintain a certain restraint, and avoid the free-and-easy way of many who wish to be thought good companions, who indulge in filthy talk before ladies and like to make

them blush, throw themselves downstairs, pitch stocks and stones at one another's backs, or throw handfuls of dust in your eyes, and ruin horses over ditches and banks; who at table throw soup and sauce and jelly in each other's face and burst out laughing, and think that he who does this best is the best Courtier; and if any one will not join in these wild amusements they vote him a prig, who gives himself airs and is no jolly companion.

"Nor will the Courtier try as some do to imitate the liveliness of the French, who think to pass for good Frenchmen if they toss their heads when they talk, and make their bow with an ill grace, and walk so fast that their footmen can hardly keep up with them, the gravity of the Spaniard being more agreeable to the Italian temperament. Of foreign languages those of these two countries will be his principal study, they being nearest his own.

"To conclude," says Messer Federigo, "all that we have prescribed for the Courtier should come to him easily; so that all may have to admire him, and he no one. Not that he is to be proud and inhumane, like some who never admire what others do, for he will praise what others do well, and though conscious of his own superiority he will not let his self-esteem appear. If he excels in anything besides arms, he should know his own value, and discreetly lead up to those subjects,

as it were by accident, and at the request of others; and when he has to do or say anything, he should come to it well prepared and with premeditation, but carry it off with an air of not having thought about it beforehand. Nor should he be ashamed to confess his ignorance of things about which he knows nothing, though he will avoid the occasion of doing so. For he should not go out of the way to publish his own defects, like one friend of ours who tells how he ran away in the encounter with King Charles, and how he was overthrown in a certain tourney, and how he was well beaten one night for speaking to a lady. And the Courtier will avoid the perverse fancy of some of our contemporaries, who try to do things which they don't know, and quit those that they do: like an excellent musician of my acquaintance who deserts music and devotes himself to writing poetry, in which he fancies himself very great, though everybody laughs at him; or like another who is one of the first painters in the world, but despises that art in which he is supreme, and gives himself up to philosophy, in which he has such strange conceits and new chimæras that with all his art he could never paint them."¹

¹ This is no doubt meant for Leonardo da Vinci. Vasari says: "Tanti furono i suoi capricci, che filosofando delle cose naturali attese à intendere la proprietà dell' herbe, continuando ed osservando il moto del Cielo, il corso della Luna, e gli andamenti del Sole."

"And now," he continues, "unless the Lady Emilia gives me leave to hold my peace I shall show myself no good courtier, for I have nothing more to say."

"No one will think that of you," says the Prefetto. "But tell us what part the Courtier will play in amusing conversation, such as provokes laughter and pleasant jesting, for that comes well within his province."

"Most of us here," replies Messer Federigo, "can do better than I can in anything, and especially in the matter of wit"; and then, turning to Count Ludovico and Messer Bernardo Bibbiena, he says, "Here are the masters of this subject, from whom I should have to take a lesson if I were to talk of jests."

"It is only fair," says Lady Emilia, "to give Messer Federigo a rest, and so we will give Messer Bernardo the task of discussing jests, for I remember he has often promised to write on the subject, and so will be full of it."

"In talking of these things in the present company," says Messer Bernardo, "I feel like one who would presume to sing to the viola in the presence of our Jacomo Sansecolo. However, not to set an example of disobedience, I will do my best."

"What provokes laughter is a certain de-

formity;¹ for we only laugh at things that are incongruous, and seem to be amiss without really being so. I know not how else to explain myself. How, then, will the Courtier act in provoking laughter, for it is clear that some subjects will not become him? He will avoid buffoonery; nor will he make sport of the unfortunate and miserable, for they should move him to pity; nor of rascals and infamous villains, for they deserve a worse punishment than to be laughed at. I say, then, that there are three sorts of jests: one consists in a continuous pleasant story, another in a smart repartee, and a third in a mixture of the two and sometimes practical joking."

He goes on to give examples of the first kind.

"When Duke Federigo was building his palace, he said, 'What am I to do with all the earth from the foundations?' An Abbot who was present said, 'My lord, I have a good idea: dig a great ditch in which to put it.' 'But,' said the Duke laughing, 'what am I to do with the earth from the ditch?' 'Make the ditch big enough to hold that too,' said the Abbot. And though the Duke replied many times that the bigger the ditch the more earth there would be,

¹ "Locus autem, et regio ridiculi turpitudine et deformitate quadam continetur." Cicero, *De Orat.*, ii. 58, whence many of the stories and witty sayings in this part come. But Castiglione is much more amusing than Cicero.

nothing could persuade the Abbot that his plan was not a good one."

Messer Bembo the Venetian tells a story against the Florentines.

"If you are not quiet," says Messer Bernardo, "I will tell stories against the Venetians."

"No, no! hold your tongue," says Messer Bembo, "and I will not tell two capital stories I have against the Florentines."

"But we must have the stories," says Lady Emilia; "you need not be so scrupulous."

"Well, then," says Messer Pietro Bembo, "in the war with Pisa, Florence was hard pressed for money. One of the Councillors said, 'I have thought of two ways of getting a large sum; we have eleven gates at which we take toll; let us make eleven more and we shall double our receipts. The other way is to give orders at Pistoja and Prato as well as to our mint in Florence to coin money day and night, and let it all be in golden ducats.'"

When they had done laughing at this citizen, the Lady Emilia said: "Messer Bernardo, shall you let Messer Pietro make fun of the Florentines in this way without taking revenge?"

"I will forgive him," said Messer Bernardo, "for if he has offended me in making fun of the Florentines, he has pleased me by obeying your commands, as I shall always do myself."

Messer Cesare Gonzaga tells a story of a Brescian who attended the festival at Venice when the Doge went out in the *Bucentoro* to wed the Adriatic, and who when he was asked how he liked the music said it was very good, but what surprised him most was the man who played the trombone, who thrust it more than two palms' length down his throat, and then drew it out and thrust it back again.

"Nothing," says Messer Bernardo, "is more ridiculous than affectation. A young lady was observed to stand silent and out of humour at a certain great festival; and when she was asked what was the matter she said she could not bear to think that at the last day, when bodies would rise, she should have to stand naked at the judgment seat of Christ."

Sometimes a clever lie will provoke laughter.

"Oh!" says the Magnifico Giuliano, "you can't beat one I heard the other day. A merchant of Lucca went to buy sable skins in Russia, and as there was war between the King of Poland and the Duke of Muscovy he could not pass the Boristhenes, but had to talk to the Muscovites on the other bank. The Muscovites shouted out the price they asked for their sables, but the frost was so intense that the words were frozen half-way. The Poles, being accustomed to this difficulty, lighted a fire at the point which they calculated

the voices would have reached before getting frozen, and the words gradually thawed and descended in a murmur like snow in May."

Messer Bernardo caps this story with one of an ape, brought from the new country or world lately discovered by Portuguese sailors, that could play chess. He played with his master before the King of Portugal, and checkmated him, on which his master hit him on the head with one of the pieces. In a second game the ape checkmated him again with his left hand, and with the right at the same time snatched away the pillow on which his master's elbow rested and covered his head with it for protection from another blow, and then made a leap gaily before the King, in testimony of his victory.

"A pun will often provoke laughter, as when our friend Marc' Antonio said to Botone of Cesena who had annoyed him, 'Oh! Botton Bottone, some day you will be the button and a halter your button-hole.' A learned man was recommended to Messer Annibale Paleotto as a tutor for his sons, but besides his salary he required a chamber, as he had no bed (*letto*). 'How can he be learned,' said Messer Annibale, '*se non ha letto?*'"¹

"A good repartee was that of Louis, now King of France, when shortly after his accession some one said, 'Now is the time to chastise your

¹ *Letto*, a bed, is also past participle of the verb *leggere*, to read.

enemies.' The King replied, 'It does not become the King of France to avenge the Duke of Orleans.'"

Many more stories follow, some better than others. There are gibes at high ecclesiastics. "When some one remarked that there were prayers for Bishops and Priests, and for all sorts of people, both Christian and Pagan, on Good Friday but none for Cardinals, it was replied that they were included in the prayer *Oremus pro haereticis et scismaticis*. And when Don Joanni di Cardona heard that a certain person was leaving Rome he said, 'He is making a mistake; for he is so wicked that if he stayed he might become a Cardinal.'¹ And Alfonso di Santa Croce, after being insulted by the Cardinal of Pavia, riding out of Bologna passed the place of execution, where a man had just been hanged; to whom he turned with a thoughtful air, and said, 'Lucky fellow! you have not got to do with the Cardinal of Pavia.' And Raffaele the painter, when two Cardinals who visited him said he had made the faces of St. Peter and St. Paul too red, replied, 'Signori, I took the greatest pains to paint them so, for if

¹ In the expurgated edition of 1766 the first story is omitted, and in the second, Don Joanni di Cardona becomes *Lepido*, and Cardinal becomes *Imperatore*. A previous scandalous story of a priest and five nuns is omitted entirely. Raffaele becomes *un antico pittore*, the two Cardinals become *Senatori*, and SS. Peter and Paul *Romolo e Remo*.

St. Peter and St. Paul were to come back now they would blush to find the Church governed by such as you.'"

"Among witty sayings that depend on irony is one of Duke Guidobaldo when in exile at Venice during the usurpation of Cesare Borgia. A Castellan came to him to report that he had been driven from San Leo. 'But,' said he, 'I can find a way to recover it.' 'Don't trouble yourself,' said the Duke; 'the first step towards recovering a thing is to lose it, as you have done.'"¹

"There is an old story of Scipio Nasica and the poet Ennius. Scipio visited Ennius, but a maid came to say 'Not at home,' and Scipio heard Ennius tell her to say so. Another day Ennius called on Scipio, to whom Scipio in a loud voice said, 'Not at home.' 'What!' said Ennius, 'Don't I know your voice?' 'You are very uncourteous,' said Scipio; 'the other day I believed your servant, and now you won't believe me.'"²

"In the Council at Florence there were two men who were enemies, as there often are in those republics," says Messer Bernardo. "One of them named Altoviti was asleep, when his neighbour nudged him and said, 'Don't you hear

¹ This is like Cicero's story of Maximus: "Nunquam enim recepissem nisi tu perdidisses." *De Orat.*, ii. 67.

² From Cicero, *de Orat.*, ii. 68.

what Alemanni says? Their Lordships desire your opinion.' Altoviti rose to his feet half awake, and said, 'I hold the contrary opinion to all Alemanni has said.' 'But I never said anything,' said Alemanni. 'Well, to what you are going to say,' said Altoviti."

"It was a good repartee of the Pope to the Bishop of Cervia, who said, 'Holy Father, they say in Rome and in the Palace that Your Holiness is going to make me Governor.' 'Let them talk,' said the Pope, 'they are rogues: depend upon it, there is nothing in it.'"

The last form of jesting is *le burle*, practical joking, about which several stories are told, but they are not very amusing. One prank of Bernardo Bibbiena, the future Cardinal, is characteristic of the time. "Last Carnival at Rome," he said, "Monsignor the Cardinal of S. Pietro ad Vincula, knowing I liked to make fun of friars when I was masked, laid his plans, and took his place with some other Cardinals at a window in the Banchi. Riding by there I saw a friar,¹ and pounced on him like a falcon on his prey. I asked him who he was, and said the police were after him, and he had better get up behind me and I would save him. No sooner was he up, than I made the horse jump and kick, in front of the window in the Banchi, and you may fancy

¹ In the expurgated edition of 1766 the friar is turned into a Jew.

how foolish the friar looked seated behind a masker, with his cloak flying and his head shaking backwards and forwards. And then they in the windows of the Banchi showered eggs upon me, and I thought they were laughing at the friar, who begged me to respect his cloth and to put him down; but the rascal got eggs from some men-servants who had been posted there for the purpose, and pretending to clasp me tight squashed them all over my breast and head and face, and then slipping down said, 'Messer Bernardo, I am a groom at S. Pietro in Vincula, and the man that minds your mule.' And I made my escape home, whether more angry or ashamed I don't know, and I have not heard the last of this joke yet.

"Another pleasant way of joking," continues Messer Bernardo, "is when you pretend a man is going to do something which he is not going to do. Cesare Beccadello and I were amusing ourselves on the bridge at Lyons, by pretending to wrestle. Two Frenchmen ran up to separate us, thinking we were quarrelling. 'Help! Help!' I cried, 'this poor lunatic is trying to throw himself into the river!' So they and I seized him and held him tight, struggling and crying out that I was mad, and a crowd gathered and carried poor Cesare into a house, all ruffled, and without his cap, pale with rage and shame, unable to explain

himself, for the Frenchmen did not understand a word he said, and I accompanied them bewailing the lot of my poor mad friend.

"Finally," says Messer Bernardo, "the speaker must never descend to scurrility, and in jesting, as in other things, must show respect to women, especially in all that touches their good name."

"You are too partial to the ladies," says Messer Gasparo; "why should men be more respectful to women than women to men? Is our honour less dear to us than theirs to them? Are women to be free to sting men with their words and chaff as they please, and are men to stand mute and even thank them?"

"Not so," replies Messer Bernardo, "I do not say women in their pleasantries should not show respect to men. But to touch a woman's good name is a very different thing from attacking the same thing in a man, and goes beyond what befits a gentleman."

Some amusing banter follows between Signor Gasparo and Signor Ottaviano on one hand, and the Duchess and her ladies on the other, as to the supposed inferiority of women. Lastly, the Lady Emilia calls on the Magnifico Giuliano de' Medici to be their champion, and as a companion to the perfect Courtier to give them the Court Lady. "But this," says the Duchess, "must be

deferred till another evening," and so the company rises, and taking a respectful leave of Her Highness, goes to bed.

On the third evening the company met as usual, and after taking their places in silence they turned their eyes on Messer Federigo and Il Magnifico Giuliano, not knowing which of them was going to speak. The Lady Duchess, after a short silence, began thus :

"Signor Magnifico, we all want to see this Lady of yours well adorned, and unless you show us all her beauties so that every one can see them, we shall think you are jealous of her."

"I think it is a waste of time to discuss the Court Lady," says Messer Gasparo, "for all that has been said of the Courtier applies to her, allowing for her weakness."

The Duchess, however, says : "The Magnifico Giuliano's business is the Court Lady and nothing else, of whom I begin to think you are afraid, and that is why you want to upset our plan."

"Our subject is the Courtier," says Il Frigio ; "let us keep to one thing at a time."

"You are wrong," says Cesare Gonzaga, "because no court can have any ornament or splendour or liveliness without women, nor can the Courtier be graceful or chivalrous unless he is inspired by the society, the love, and the

pleasure of women. Therefore the description of the Courtier would be imperfect unless we bring in that of women also."

"Here is a bit of that bait," says Messer Ottaviano, "that drives men out of their senses."

The Magnifico, turning to the Duchess, says he will do her bidding, but fears he shall fail. It would be much easier for him to portray a Lady fit to be Queen of the World than to describe a perfect Court Lady, for he need only depict a lady he knew, and by naming her fulfil his task.

"Do not go beyond your bounds," says the Duchess, evading the compliment, "but give us the Court Lady."

"I do not," says the Magnifico, "agree with Signor Gasparo that the same conditions apply to the Lady as to the Courtier. In manner, speech, gesture, and deportment they should differ; he should be manly, and she should be delicate and tender, with a feminine sweetness in every movement. At the same time she should, like the man, be noble, unaffected, and graceful, prudent, not proud nor envious, not evil-speaking, not vain nor contentious, and not silly. She will not be prudish on the one hand, nor bold and forward on the other, nor will she be a scandal-monger. She will be able to talk sensibly of such things as interest those with whom she

converses. She will not pretend to know matters of which she knows nothing, and in everything will avoid affectation. And so she will win respect and love, and both in body and mind be perhaps the equal of our great Courtier."

"You have kept too much to generalities," says Messer Gasparo, "tell us what bodily exercises befit the Lady of the Palace, and whether the prudence, magnanimity, and continence, and all the other virtues you give her, are only to help her to manage her house and her family, or something more."

"You can't help showing your ill-will to the women," says the Magnifico laughing. "Of course, arms and the violent games of men are not the bodily exercises for women. Even those like dancing and singing, which befit women, my Lady will pursue with modesty and restraint. And as to what she is to know, I would have her able to converse on all the subjects with which we have said the Courtier should be acquainted. I think too that beauty is more needful for her than for the Courtier, for in truth a woman who wants it wants a good deal."

"Now that you have bestowed on women all these virtues," says Signor Gasparo, "why don't you make them rulers of cities, lawgivers, and generals, while men stay in the kitchen or sit at the spinning-wheel? The accomplishments and

virtues you bestow on the Court Lady are ridiculous and impossible."

The Magnifico laughs and says: "You seem to agree with Signor Ottaviano that women are imperfect animals compared to men. But you are quite wrong."

"I will not say so," replies Gasparo, "for these ladies here present prove the contrary. But wise men have written that Nature, desirous of making things perfect, would, as a rule, produce men, and when a woman is born it is a defect of Nature, much as when she produces one that is blind or lame, or in trees fruit that does not ripen. So that we may say woman is an animal produced by accident. This, however, not being her fault, we ought not to hate her nor to fail in the respect which is her due; but it is a manifest error to value her too highly."

The Magnifico counters this by the philosophic distinction between essence and accident. Man and woman are of the same essence, and differ only in accident; consequently one is not more perfect than the other. He goes on to show from history how women have ruled kingdoms, fought campaigns, and shone in science and philosophy. This continues till Lady Emilia exclaims:

"For the love of God come out of all that, and talk so that we may understand you. We

can follow all the ill that Signor Gasparo and Signor Ottaviano have said of us, but we don't understand how you are going to defend us against our enemies."

The Magnifico, however, contends that the scientific argument must be answered, and the dispute continues about the comparative heat and coolness of the two sexes in a way that reminds one of the famous discussion between Mr. Shandy and My Uncle Toby on the subject of radical heat and radical moisture in relation to health and disease.

Il Frigio says that all the woes of mankind come from the fault of the first woman. Signor Giuliano says that, on the other hand, still greater good to mankind comes from another woman, our Lady, the Virgin, but he will not mix up things sacred with things of less moment.

"Think also," he continues, "how many women we know to have become martyrs for the name of Christ; and how many more there are of whom we never heard, who concealed their virtues, instead of parading them as nowadays is done by many cursed hypocrites, who, instead of anointing their face that they may not appear unto men to fast, and doing their alms in secret so that the left hand knows not what the right hand does, humbug simple people, bear false witness, sow discord between husband and wife,

use charms and all sorts of ribaldry, and teach that God readily pardons sins provided they are secret and do not set a bad example, and so with a veil of sanctity and secrecy corrupt the chastity of women, sow hatred between brethren, cause men to be beheaded, imprisoned, or proscribed, and become ministers of wickedness and depositories of robberies."

"You take such pleasure in abusing the friars," says the Lady Emilia, "that you have got away from the subject."

The Magnifico laughs, and replies: "How did you guess I was speaking of the friars, for I mentioned no names?"

"Do not speak of the friars," says the Lady Emilia. "I think it a sin to listen to you, and I shall have to go away to avoid hearing what you say."

The Magnifico says, very well, he will let the friars alone, and he proceeds to give instances of female fortitude and contempt of death.

"I know many men," says Gasparo, "who would welcome death to escape their wives."

"How about the wives," says the Magnifico, "who are tormented beyond bearing by their husbands?"

"All women really hate their husbands," says Gasparo, "and only obey them through fear."

In reply, the Magnifico quotes several pathetic

stories from ancient history to show the love of wives for their husbands, and asks Il Frigio what he has to say to that.

"I think," says Il Frigio, "you want to make the ladies cry. But even if your stories are true, I say there are no such women in the world nowadays."

The Magnifico denies this, and tells a story of a lady of Pisa who died of joy on the return of her husband from slavery in Barbary.

"How do you know," asks his antagonist, "she did not die of grief?"

The Magnifico Giuliano continues his examples of female fidelity from ancient history, till Gasparo interrupts him :

"Goodness knows," he says, "how these things were, for they took place so long ago that no one can prove they are not all lies."

"Well, then," says the Magnifico, "to come to our own day : what Prince in Christendom can compare with Queen Isabella of Spain?"

"Why, King Ferdinand, her husband," says the incorrigible Messer Gasparo.

And so the battle goes on, the ladies finding a fresh champion in Cesare Gonzaga, who proves a much more strenuous advocate.

"I know not," he says, "what perversity induces you, Signor Gasparo, to blame the women. Don't you see that all the gracious exercises that

the world delights in have no other cause than the women? Who learns to dance except to please the women? Who studies the sweetness of music for any reason but that? Who writes verses, in the common tongue at all events, but to express the affection inspired by women? What should we have lost in Messer Francesco Petrarca if he had only stuck to his Latin instead of singing to Madonna Laura? However, you with your objections have interrupted all the fine things that we have still to hear about the Court Lady."

"I am sure if the Signor Magnifico has not adorned her enough," says Messer Gasparo, "it is not his fault, for he has given her all the virtues there are, and what can he do more?"

The rest of the evening is devoted to consideration of the Court Lady's conduct of her love affairs, in which she is credited with due circumspection, and depicted as a model of chastity and modesty in a licentious age.

"You can't complain," says Messer Gasparo laughing, "that the Signor Magnifico has not formed a most excellent Lady of the Palace, and what is more, if such a one can be found she deserves to be held equal to the Courtier."

"I will engage to find her," says the Lady Emilia, "provided you will find the Courtier."

Messer Roberto da Bari says he thinks she

has been made too austere, and would drive her lover to despair, for men cease to desire when there is no hope.

"Not so," says the Magnifico; "she will only repel the unworthy, and she will have such a lover as can value her true merits."

"This contention has not been to my liking," says Signor Ottaviano, "because it has made Signor Gasparo calumniate the ladies more than he should, and Il Signor Magnifico and Messer Cesare praise them more than is fit. And also it has prevented our saying much that has still to be said about the Courtier."

"You must then show your wit," says the Duchess, "by raising the Courtier still higher than the others have done; for unless you can do that we shall think you try to detract from the praises of the Lady of the Palace because you have to admit she is equal to your Courtier."

Signor Ottaviano says it is too late to go into this to-night, and the Duchess says the discussion may wait till to-morrow, and she gives the signal for retirement.

Castiglione opens the fourth book of the *Cortegiano* with a lament for the loss of so many of his friends who had taken part in these pleasant discussions. Gasparo Pallavicino had died

after a long and painful illness. Cesare Gonzaga soon followed him to the grave. Roberto da Bari's youthful promise had been cut short by an early death. Many, however, still survived, and the various distinctions they had gained shed a glory on the court of Urbino.

Ottaviano Fregoso had been deputed to continue the picture of the Courtier on the fourth evening, but when the party was assembled he was missing, and supposed to be thinking in retirement what he was to say. And as he could not be found the party began to dance and amuse themselves in various ways, supposing they should hear no more that evening about the Courtier. However, he made his appearance when he had almost been given up, and seeing Messer Cesare and Messer Gasparo dancing, he made his reverence to the Duchess, and said, laughing:

"I expected to hear Signor Gasparo abuse the ladies, but as he is dancing with one of them I suppose he has made his peace. And so I think we may very well consider the discussion of the Courtier closed."

"Certainly not," said the Duchess. "I am not such an enemy of the men as you are of the women; and I will not have the Courtier defrauded of the ornaments you promised him yesterday."

So when the dance was finished they all sat down, and Signor Ottaviano began :

"Admitting that the perfect Courtier should possess all the accomplishments given him by previous speakers, they are not enough. For dancing, jesting, singing, and the rest are only vanities and unworthy of a man of rank, relating only to intercourse with women, and love-making. Hence it is that we Italians have got the bad name of wanting seriousness. Still, these accomplishments will be useful if properly used, in recommending the Courtier to the Prince whom he serves, so that he may venture to speak to him candidly and without fear, and dare to contradict him if he seems inclined to do wrong, to encourage him to do what is just, liberal, and magnanimous, and to caution him against flatterers and evil counsellors. It is the misfortune of Princes that they have so few honest advisers who dare to tell them the truth. They are generally fed on lies and flattery, and live in ignorance, and think they have only to please themselves, and will not listen to good advice. Those Princes, puffed up with pride, dressed in gold and gems, who shut themselves up from public view and think they are almost divine, are like the colossal images at last year's festival in Rome, which outwardly were fine figures of men and horses, but within were nothing but straw

and stubble. It will be the part of our Courtier to tell his Prince the truth and to teach him what is right; and for this end the accomplishments bestowed on him by Messer Federigo will be useful by making him an agreeable companion even when he gives unpalatable advice; just as doctors when they give children nasty medicine smear the lip of the vessel with some sweet liquor."

Here Signor Ottaviano was silent, as if he did not wish to say more. But Signor Gasparo began: "I doubt, Signor Ottaviano, whether these qualities which you say the Courtier must display towards his Lord can be taught; they seem to me to be rather a gift of nature."

"You think then, Signor Gasparo," said Signor Ottaviano smiling, "that though bears, wolves, and lions can be tamed, and birds be taught to fly and return at their master's bidding, human nature is so perverse that men cannot by the same methods train and improve their minds. I do not think that either virtue or vice come wholly by nature. If either virtue or vice were as innate as gravity in a stone, which always falls back even if you throw it up ten thousand times, we should all necessarily be virtuous or vicious, and should neither deserve praise in one case nor blame in the other. I hold that both virtue and vice may be learned like other things. All natural

gifts can be improved by education, and virtue, like the arts, will languish for want of it."

Signor Gasparo says it is not for want of knowledge that men sin, but because they seize the present pleasure, and disregard the punishment which they think to escape.

"That is because they mistake false pleasure for true," replies Signor Ottaviano. "All evil comes from ignorance which right education will remove."

"I don't think you have answered Signor Gasparo," says Pietro Bembo. "The incontinent know when they are doing wrong in allowing appetite to overpower reason, and therefore they feel a certain remorse, which is inconsistent with ignorance."

"Your argument is good," says Signor Ottaviano, "and yet I maintain that they sin from imperfect knowledge. Knowledge which belongs to the mind, if it is really true and perfect, cannot be vanquished by appetite, which is a matter of the body. In that case the appetite will obey the spirit, just as the motions of the body in walking or running or grasping with the hand instinctively obey the will."

After some discussion as to the relative value of continence or of temperance, Signor Gasparo asks which form of government is best, and most likely to restore the Golden Age. Ottaviano

is for a good Prince, whose government seems most in accordance with nature. Bembo, the Venetian, is of course for a commonwealth. Ottaviano admits that a Prince who becomes a tyrant is the worst of all governors. "Magistracy," he says, "tests a man's quality, as water does a pitcher, which may be cracked but does not show it till it is filled. A tyrant is a terror not only to his subjects but to himself, for he lives in fear of assassination. A good Prince will regard as good or evil to himself the good or evil that befalls the people committed to his care by God, and will make it his business not only to be good himself, but to make his people good, like the square used by architects, which is not only true and correct itself, but makes true and correct that to which it is applied. A good people is the best evidence of a good Prince. His life should have both an active and a contemplative side, as the good of his people may require."

"And which side," asks Signor Gasparo, "is the more becoming to the Prince?"

"You suppose me to be the perfect Courtier," says Signor Ottaviano smiling, "who is to advise his Prince aright; but I am conscious of falling short of much that we have attributed to him."

"I think," says Signor Gasparo, "that you would fall short in music and dancing rather than in the serious qualifications of the Courtier."

"Those slighter things no doubt are important also in recommending the Courtier to his Prince," replies Signor Ottaviano. "But I think I have said enough, and perhaps more than I promised."

"Supposing, however," says the Duchess, "that by the accomplishments you have bestowed on the Courtier you have so gained the favour of your Prince that you can speak to him frankly, tell us what you would teach him, if he wanted teaching."

Messer Ottaviano laughs and says: "I fear if I spoke my mind freely to any Prince I know, I should lose his favour. Besides which, before I can teach I must first learn myself."

"The Prince, then, should be advised to choose his privy council wisely of nobles who will tell him the truth, and he should admit the people to a share in the government. Equal justice would be his care. He should be religious without superstition, and have nothing to do with incantations and prophecies. He should trust the love of his people, and not surround himself with a foreign bodyguard. Great riches lead to ruin, as with our poor Italy, which has always been the prey of strangers, partly from bad government, and partly for its wealth; and therefore the Prince will encourage the middle class and make it the most powerful, for the very rich are like to be

proud and venturesome, and the poor vile and treacherous."

Here Messer Cesare Gonzaga interposes and says: "You are making the Courtier too much like a schoolmaster. I would have him to encourage in his Prince a certain grandeur. His court should be splendid, with feasts and public spectacles, horses, dogs, falcons, and all that belongs to the pleasure both of great lords and of the people. I would have him a great builder, like Duke Federigo who built this palace, and Pope Julius with the temple of St. Peter and the buildings that join the Belvedere, and Alexander who built so many cities and proposed to have Mount Athos hewn into a figure of a man with a city in its hand. He should not confine himself to such small matters as only conquering or ruling those who need to be ruled, either his subjects for their own good or others for the removal of bad rulers. Had the Romans, or Alexander, or Hannibal been governed by these scruples they would not have reached the height of glory as they did."

"If they had not these scruples," says Signor Ottaviano, "they would have been better for them, and indeed in some cases they had them. For of those you mention, Alexander's triumphs reclaimed people from barbarism. And in modern times would not a war against the false sect of Maumet do good in bringing the light of

Christianity to so many thousands of infidels? This blessing we may hope to see if the Duc d'Angoulême should succeed to the throne of France; and in England Henry, Prince of Wales, is growing up under his great father in every sort of virtue, like a tender shoot under the shade of a fine tree, as our Castiglione writes from there, and promises to tell us more on his return."

"There is great hope for Spain too," says Messer Bernardo Bibbiena, "where Prince Charles, though barely ten years old, shows such extraordinary promise that if he succeeds to the Empire, as is likely, he will throw the Emperors of old into the shade."

"I think," says Signor Ottaviano, "that God has sent these divine Princes on earth, and made them alike in youth, in power of arms, in estate, in beauty, and bodily frame, in order that they should agree and that there should be no envy or emulation between them. And with regard to what you have said, Messer Cesare, those things you recommend for the Prince are great and worthy of praise, but you must understand that, unless he knows what I have said he ought to know, and has trained his mind in the ways of virtue, it will be hard for him to be magnanimous, liberal, just, courageous, prudent, or have the other needful qualities. I would have the Prince to be a peacemaker among his

people, to have his city quiet and full of good artificers, to favour commerce and help tradesmen with money, to be hospitable to foreigners and men of religion, to moderate all superfluity, and discourage sumptuous buildings for private persons, excessive dowries for women, their luxury and expense in jewels and dress, which makes them jealous of one another and ruins their husbands, and sometimes makes them sell their honour for a jewel or other trash."

"Now you are taking sides with Signor Gasparo and Il Frigio," says Bernardo Bibbiena.

"That quarrel is over," replies Ottaviano laughing, "and we wont begin it again, but return to consider our Prince."

"You may well leave it there," says Il Frigio, "for it would be easier to find Il Magnifico's Lady than your Prince. I think he is like Plato's Republic, which we shall never see, unless, perchance, we see it in heaven."

"It is difficult but not impossible," says Signor Ottaviano; and then, turning to the Duchess, he continues: "This then, my lady, is all I have to say of the Courtier—imperfect perhaps, but at all events something beyond what the others have said of him."

"It is now too late," says the Duchess, "to begin a fresh discourse; we will give you credit for being the perfect Courtier we are looking for,

and capable of teaching your Prince aright; or should fortune be propitious we believe that you would yourself be that excellent Prince, which would be a blessing to your country."

Signor Ottaviano laughs and says: "Should that come to pass, I fear I might prove one of those who are better at talking than at doing."

"I remember," says Signor Gasparo after some further conversation had taken place, "we agreed that the Courtier should be a lover. Now experience of that kind which will enable him to instruct his Prince only comes with years; therefore he will be old, and love in an elderly man is ridiculous—the ladies dislike it and the rest make a mock of it."

"Our Courtier, even though he be old," says Messer Pietro Bembo, "being wise will feel that the love of young men is not suitable for him; but he may love after another sort, which would bring him happiness and not blame."

"You have had little to do this evening Messer Pietro," says the Duchess, "so now we will charge you to tell us of this kind of love which is fit for an old man."

"Truly, my lady," said Messer Pietro, "if I am to speak of this matter I must go and consult my Lavinello's Hermit."¹

¹ In Bembo's *Asolani*, published in 1505, Lavinello meets a hermit who speaks of the higher love, Platonic, but also mystical and Christian.

"There is no one in the party," says the Lady Emilia, quite put out, "so disobedient as you, Messer Pietro, and it would be a good thing if the Duchess punished you."

"For the love of God don't be angry," says Messer Pietro laughing, "and I will say all you wish."

"Well then, say it," replies Lady Emilia.

Messer Pietro Bembo, after a short silence, settled himself as if to speak of an important matter, and then began: "I must first of all show you what love is, and in what the happiness of lovers consists; and I hope to show that a man may be in love even if he be fifteen or twenty years older than Signor Morello."

When they had done laughing, he continues: "Love is defined by the ancients to be a desire to enjoy beauty. To desire we must first know; we cannot desire what we know not; and we can know in three ways: first, by sense like the brutes, which creates sensual appetite; or secondly, by reason like man; or lastly, by intellect like the angels, which is a spiritual emotion. Man, having reason, lies between the two extremes, and leans sometimes to one and sometimes to the other. Now beauty is a flood of divine love poured on all nature, on animals and trees and flowers, and on the form and face of mankind, where it kindles desire. But to suppose that mere sensual en-

joyment is really to enjoy beauty is a mistake, and only brings disgust. Hence the sighs, the griefs, the weariness of young men who are prone to this form of love. This error may be pardoned in our Courtier in his youth, but when he reaches mature life he will abandon it, and then his foot will be on the first step of the ladder that leads to true love."

"That is a sort of love I don't understand," says Signor Morello. "I think that to possess that beauty which Messer Bembo so much praises without possessing the body is a dream; and as for beauty being always good, beauty makes women proud, and I know many pretty women who are cruel and vicious."

Signor Federigo Fregoso, trying to pacify Signor Morello, says perhaps he is not altogether wrong, for beautiful women have been the cause of infinite mischief in their time, like Helen of Troy.

"Not so," says Messer Pietro; "you must not suppose that beauty is not always good. Rarely is there a bad soul in a fair body. In nature for the most part the ugly is bad, and the beautiful good. To deny this is profane and sacrilegious and offensive to God, for beauty is a holy thing. Think of the sun, the moon, the other five stars, the figure of man whom we may call a microcosm, a little world; and coming to

art, think of the rigging and shape of ships, the columns and architraves of a building, which are as much for beauty as for utility. We say beautiful sky, beautiful earth, beautiful sea, beautiful rivers, beautiful landscape, beautiful woods, trees, gardens, beautiful cities, beautiful temples, houses, armies; in short, the highest ornament of everything is this gracious and sacred beauty. And in the human body the greatest beauty arises from beauty of soul, which is true and divine and beautifies all it touches. It is not beauty that makes women proud and cruel, as Messer Morello thinks, nor must we impute to them the enmities, deaths, and destructions caused by the immoderate appetites of men. I will not deny that you may find pretty women in the world who are immodest; but that is not the fault of their beauty, but of bad education, and the continual pressure of their lovers, gifts, poverty, hope, deceit, fear, and a thousand other causes, which overcome the constancy even of good and pretty women; and for the same reason handsome men too may become wicked."

Having said this, Messer Pietro was silent. And when urged to continue, he replied that he thought he had said enough to show that elderly men can love more happily than younger men, and he did not propose to go further.

But Count Ludovico answers: "You have shown us the unhappiness of the young better than the happiness of the old, and have only told us they must be guided by reason; and many men think love and reason to be incompatible."

"It were indeed sad," replies Messer Pietro, "if man could only love like the brute beasts, and not with reason, that nobler part which is his own. And so our excellent Courtier in mature life will avoid and repress those passions which in youth deserve pity rather than blame, but in age rather blame than pity. He will therefore arouse his reason, and close the avenues of sense and appetite. He will realize that the body is not the true seat of beauty in her whom he loves, but that true beauty is incorporeal, and is degraded by becoming materialized. He will honour and reverence his lady, and serve her in all things, guiding, advising her, and encouraging her in the ways of modesty and temperance, and so will cultivate beauty in beauty, which some say is the end of love.

"The Courtier then, aided by reason, will transfer all desire from the body to beauty pure and simple, abstracted from everything material; and thus he will be free from all the bitterness, jealousy, suspicion, rage, and despair which afflict the youthful lover. He will go still further; his mind, purged from sense, will rise to the con-

temptation of that angelic beauty itself, of which bodily beauty is but the faint shadow, and rapt in imagination he will become as it were intoxicated with its splendour, and yearn to unite himself to it as the end and resting-place of his soul.

"Oh, most holy LOVE!" he bursts out in a rhapsody, "mortal voice cannot praise thee worthily, the sweetest bond between heaven and earth, that bindest the elements in concord, and movest the productions of nature—fruits to the earth, calm to the sea, vital light to the sky.¹ Father of pleasures, of grace, of peace, kindness, and benevolence, enemy of rude savagery and ignorance, beginning and end of all good. Deign, O Lord, to hear our prayers, fill our hearts, illumine our darkness, and guide us aright through this dark labyrinth. Purge with thy rays dark ignorance from our eyes, that we may no longer value mortal beauty, and may know that the things we formerly saw are not, and that what we saw not really is; that we, taken out of ourselves, may rise to feast with angels, and feed on ambrosia and immortal nectar."

¹ This seems reminiscent of the address to the *Aeneadum Genetrix* in Lucretius, lib. i. 6 :

Te Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila coeli
Adventumque tuum : tibi suaves daedala tellus
Summittit flores, tibi rident aequora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine coelum.

Bembo having spoken thus with vehemence, seeming abstracted and beside himself, stood quiet and motionless, with his eyes raised to heaven, as if in an ecstasy. The Lady Emilia, who like the rest had listened most attentively, took him by the edge of his robe, and shaking it a little, said :

"Take care, Messer Pietro, lest with these thoughts your soul should quit your body."

"Signora," replied he, "this would not be the first miracle that love has wrought in me."¹

"Truly," said the Duchess, "if the elderly Courtier can follow the path you have marked out for him, he need not envy the young men."

"The path," said Messer Cesare Gonzaga, "that leads to this felicity seems to me so steep that I hardly think any one can go thither."

Messer Gasparo added, "I think it would be difficult for men, but impossible for women."

"Signor Gasparo," said Lady Emilia laughing, "if you return so often to do us a mischief, I will never forgive you."

"We will leave it to Messer Pietro Bembo," said the Duchess, "to decide whether women are as capable of divine love as men. But this will take too long, and we must put it off till to-morrow."

¹ The judicious Serassi, because Bembo afterwards became a Cardinal, alters *in me* to *in altri*.

"Rather till this evening," says Messer Cesare Gonzaga.

"How so?" asks the Duchess.

"Because it is already day," answered Messer Cesare, and he pointed to the light that began to enter through the chinks of the windows.

All rose up in great surprise, for the discussion had not seemed longer than usual, and they had been too well entertained to feel sleepy.

They opened then the windows on that side of the palace which looks towards the lofty summit of Monte Catri, and saw in the east a lovely rosy-tinted dawn, and all the stars had disappeared but Venus, sweet regent of the sky; who holds the bounds of night and day, from whom it seemed there was wafted a soft breeze, that filled the air with a crisp freshness, and began among the murmuring woods of the near hills to awaken sweet concerts of pretty birds. Then all having taken reverential leave of the Duchess, went to their rooms without light of torch, the light of day sufficing.

IL FINE DEL CORTEGIANO.

CHAPTER IX

URBINO AND CASTEL-DURANTE

OVER the door of an otherwise undistinguished dwelling, one of a row in a shabby street that climbs the hill in Urbino, a tablet marks the house where in the fifteenth century there lived Giovanni Sanzi with his wife, Magia Ciarla. Giovanni was a painter of considerable skill, though his art was not equal to that of his contemporaries Lippi, Perugino, Bellini, Mantegna, and the other great men of that wonderful age. He was also a poet, and has left a lengthy poem of twenty-four thousand lines in twenty-three books in *terza rima*, in praise of Urbino and Duke Federigo, from which many useful particulars may be gathered. Only one copy is known to exist, which is now in the Vatican Library. "It is written on paper in a firm Italian hand of the fifteenth century, and was made expressly for Duke Guidobaldo I., to whom it is dedicated."¹ To this couple there was born

¹ Dennistoun, vol. i. p. 449. The Marchese Antaldi at the Biblioteca Oliveriana in Pesaro showed me a MS. note which says the whole poem was printed in the *Giornale Arcadico*, a serial published at Rome, but not indexed. The reference at the Vatican is *Codici Ottoboniani*, No. 1305.



URBINO.

PICTURE IN THE HOUSE OF GIOVANNI SANZI.

[To face p. 174.

a son RAFFAELLO, on 6th April 1483, the year after the death of Duke Federigo, and a fresco on the wall, by the hand of Giovanni, represents a woman with a child, which we may believe to be a portrait of the future master and his mother, perhaps idealized into the characters of a Madonna and an infant Christ (Plate XII.). The picture has been removed from another chamber, and has been restored to death, but one may still regard it with deep interest. Raffaello's after life is not much connected with his birth-place, but it is said that among the thousand pictures which adorned the palace seven of his works were to be found before the dispersion of the art treasures of Urbino, when the liberties of the Duchy were extinguished by the Popes.

The sixteenth-century inscription on the front of the house ends with the following distich, which reminds one of the words on Erasmus's birthplace at Rotterdam :

LVDIT IN HVMANIS DIVINA POTENTIA REBVS
ET SAEPE IN PARVIS CLAVDERE MAGNA SOLET.

Urbino, strange as it may appear to find such an institution in what is now an obscure provincial town, still possesses a little University of its own. Its history, however, does not go

back to ducal times, for it was founded by Pope Clement x., in 1671. Although, according to the Academic Handbook,¹ it still gives degrees in three faculties, Jurisprudence, Pharmacy, and Obstetrics, it is not in a very flourishing state, for we were told that though there are between thirty and forty professors there were only two-and-twenty students; somewhat like the clan MacTavish in Bon Gaultier, with its four-and-twenty men and five-and-thirty pipers. It is not to be wondered at that there is some talk of suppressing it. Thither I took my way to consult some books and documents about the palace which the Sotto-Prefetto told me I should find in the Academic Library. The building of the University is in the main street a little beyond and above the palace. Through a Gothic doorway with heraldic panels over it I entered a deserted courtyard, and with some trouble found the custode, only to be disappointed, for it was vacation-time, and the librarian had gone away with the key of the library in his pocket. Foiled in this direction, I made my way to the Communal building and surprised the first official I met by asking to see the library. He stoutly maintained that there was nothing of the kind there, at least not to his knowledge. But a superior officer re-

¹ "Urbino. Libera Università Provinciale degli studi." *Minerva Handbuch*, vol. i. p. 332.

sented this injurious statement, and took me upstairs to a room where was a bookcase of which the keys were found with a little trouble, and in the end I got what I wanted. Nothing, however, remains at Urbino of Duke Federigo's sumptuous collection, which must now be sought at the Vatican.

During both visits we made to Urbino the weather justified the bad name given it by our native informant. A few fine hours tantalized us with glimpses of a beautiful country which was generally blotted out by mist. Indeed, for the greater part of our stay the clouds lay—damp and raw—on the town, and we could walk down into clearer air out of them, and climb back again into them to dine and sleep. Most of our time was spent in the palace, and I was entrusted with a key to go in and out as I pleased. Our inn was homely, but the waiter most attentive, and the food plentiful though mysterious. We forebore to inquire into the ingredients, but had no reason to regret our experiments. *Fritti misti* is a favourite Umbrian dish, little cubes of meat wrapped in a soft paste. We rang the changes on *Minestra con brodo*, and *Minestra asciutta*, of which the waiter expected us to eat enormously, and he was deeply grieved if we did not finish it, which we generally failed to do. An unhappy turkey died to feed us, and we gradually ate her

up so thoroughly that only feathers and bones could have escaped. The first dish which her remains furnished was garnished with little round yellowish balls, which the waiter recommended as a special delicacy, confiding to us with a mysterious air that they were the *uova interne del tacchino*.

An *Istituto delle Belle Arti* has been formed in the palace, where are collected the best pictures from the churches in the town. It occupies the wing leading from the Sala del Trono towards the Duomo. We found a professor busy cleaning one of Giovanni Sanzi's large works, which in point of style was not much behind Perugino, though not comparable to him in merit. Though Lanzi calls him only a mediocre painter, Sanzi had a considerable reputation in his day, and many of his works remain in churches throughout the Duchy. Vasari says he was not less excellent as a painter than as a father; and that in the latter capacity he took care to bring up his son more carefully than by bad fortune he had fared in his own youth. He seems to have died in 1496, when Raffaello was only thirteen years old, whom he had already apprenticed to Perugino. The collection includes also pictures by Timoteo della Vite and Justus of Ghent, whom Duke Federigo had invited to Urbino, his taste, we are told, being for paintings in oil rather than

for fresco. There is also a "Resurrection" by Titian.

We made an excursion from Urbino to CASTEL-DURANTE, or Urbania as it was renamed by Pope Urban after the Duchy had been absorbed into the Papal States. Here the Dukes

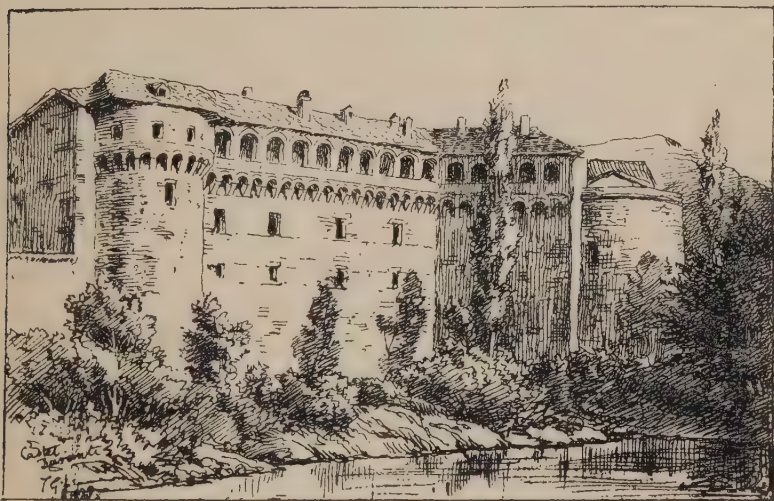


FIG. 10.

had a sort of dower-house to which the Duchess Elisabetta retired on the death of her husband, and where Francesco Maria II. spent the last days of his life in a sort of religious seclusion after his abdication. The building is not on the scale of the other palaces: it was said that the Duke had his court at Urbino, his palace at Pesaro, and his house at Castel-Durante (Fig. 10).

We had a wretched drive there in a close carriage, for it rained in torrents. However, the weather mended a little when we reached our destination, and we were able to explore what there was to see. The town is a filthy little place, and the palace has been turned to base uses, and is now a pottery. The front, to the river, is rather imposing, with an open loggia along the top carried on machicolations (Fig. 10). In the interior is a pretty cortile with an arcade on slender columns. There is nothing now made there like the majolica for which Castel-Durante used to be famous in the old days. They had till of late made some fair white porcelain there, and employed a hundred men, but now there were only thirty, for the manufacture could not compete with others better situated. They told us all the clay had to be imported from England by sea to Pesaro, and then brought by oxen over the mountains, a distance of nearly forty miles. The palace and the manufactory belongs to Prince Albani of Milan, and for want of leave from him I was not allowed to make sketches inside the building; but there was really not much to do in that way, and the weather was too cold and miserable to encourage one to stand about.

Bramante, of whom Urbino is not less proud than of Raffaele, was born near Castel-Durante

in the village of Fermigliano, where an unpretending farmhouse is shown as his birthplace. There is little or nothing of his work in the Duchy, unless S. Bernardino at Urbino is really by him, as some suppose.

We took refuge from the weather in the little inn, where we had some hot coffee and saw the women making *pasta*, which was interesting, though we ourselves were still more interesting to the family, for strangers and foreigners are rare in those parts, and our appearance and their curiosity sadly interrupted their work.

It was a stiff climb back to Urbino, and as our poor horses had been to Gubbio and back, forty miles, the day before, they had enough to do to get us home. We found the driver meant to take us to Gubbio on the morrow with the same horses, for they have no mercy on their cattle, and one of the poor beasts had a sore shoulder. As I insisted on having fresh horses he gave way with a bad grace after talking half an hour, and saying he had a pad for the galled shoulder, and so we were promised a fresh pair. Their only justification for ill-usage of animals is that *non sono Cristiani*—they are not Christians! However, our well-meant efforts on behalf of the poor beasts came to nothing, for next day when we

¹ Illustrated by Hofmann, *Bauten des Herzog Federigo di Montefeltro*.

were half-way to Gubbio our driver passed us with the same team, galled shoulder and all, at full gallop, with a fresh fare, and a flourish of his whip to show us how little he cared for our humane scruples. But it was something to feel that our conscience was clear.

CHAPTER X

THE APENNINES FROM URBINO TO GUBBIO—PASSO DEL FURLO—CAGLI

THE drive from Urbino to Gubbio takes from eleven to twelve hours, for the road lies through the heart of the Apennines and is very mountainous. So after a cup of coffee by twilight we were off at six o'clock, with a different *vetturino* and a fresh pair of horses. Our driver was an elderly gentleman suffering from an eruption in his face, which he had adorned with several bright pink plasters, that gave him something of the appearance of a waxwork. As for his horses, they had several sores, and I daresay had been quite as much overworked as the others, but they did their long and fatiguing day's journey wonderfully well. For all their sorry looks these weedy Italian jades must have some good stuff in them.

We rattled down the hills to Calmazzo, a village two miles short of Fossombrone, the little town where we had dined on our way up from Fano, and then we fell into the ancient Via Flaminia, which runs from Fanum Fortunae

(Fano) through Forum Sempronii (Fossombrone) to Fulginium (Foligno) and Rome. Here we turned to the right after a drive of about two hours, and following the course of the river Metauro soon entered the famous PASSO DEL FURLO. The mountains now press in upon the river and form a very fine defile, leaving only just room for the river and the road, till at last a great rock juts forward and bars the way (Plate XIII.). Here the Roman engineers pierced a passage for the road, through the buttress of the mountain that blocked the way, by a tunnel, *forulus*, which gives its name to the pass. It is very neatly cut through the solid rock without any lining of masonry, and is not quite straight but describes a curve from end to end, the convex side being towards the river. This implies considerable skill in the engineers who set it out. The eastern entrance remains in its original state, with an inscription recording its formation in the reign and by the order of Vespasian :

IMP · CAESAR · AVG · VESPASIANVS · PONT · MAX · TRIB · POT · VII ·
IMP · XVII · P · P · COS · VIII · CENSOR · FACIEND · CVRAVIT ·¹

The other end is faced with modern masonry. I did not measure the tunnel, but Murray's *Guide* gives the length about 126 feet, the width 18 feet, and the height 15 feet, and quotes Claudian :

¹ From Baedeker's *Guide*. I did not verify it.



T. G. J.

PASSO DEL FURLO.

[To face p. 184.]

Qua mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,
Admittitque viam sectae per viscera rupis.

VI. Cons. Hon., 500.

Beyond the tunnel the scenery continues fine for a short way, and then the ravine widens out, and resumes the ordinary wild mountainous character common to this part of the Apennines.

The battle of the Metaurus, which ruined the Carthaginian hopes of the conquest of Italy, took place outside the pass, at the foot of the mountains towards Fossombrone. Here Nero by forced marches had interposed his army between Hannibal in the south and Hasdrubal who was advancing from the north, and destroyed the army of Hasdrubal before he could effect a junction with his brother.

Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus
Testis Metaurus flumen, et Hasdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris.

It is said that bones of Hasdrubal's elephants were found in the Middle Ages, and that from them the Malatesta took the elephants for their badge and supporters, which are to be seen in the Tempio di S. Francesco at Rimini (Plate III., p. 8).

At CAGLI, the ancient Cales, which we reached at ten o'clock, we crossed a bridge of no great length or height but of stupendously massive

masonry, like that of the Cloaca Maxima at Rome, which one might almost imagine older than the Roman domination. The massive parapet on either hand is formed with two steps, making a seat, or perhaps a raised causeway for foot-passengers. This is, I suppose, the Ponte Manlio mentioned in the guide-books, with a central arch constructed of nineteen stones, and a span of 39 feet. This relic of antiquity is quite untouched by later work. Roman bridges abound all along the route.

Of Cagli, where we stayed two hours to rest our horses, we saw but little, and that with great discomfort, for the weather was abominable, and the rain came down at frequent intervals. There is a very decent inn where we dined, looking on the Piazza, one side of which is occupied by the Palazzo Comunale, a tolerably picturesque building, and once one of the numerous palaces of the Dukes of Urbino.¹ We pottered about in cold and wet to several churches, which contained nothing worthy of notice, and tried in vain to find a great picture by Giovanni Sanzi, of which we had heard; but we were too miserable and uncomfortable to show much energy in the search. At the upper end of the town beyond the Piazza are some fine machicolated towers forming part of the old town walls, that are worth a visit.

¹ Illustrated by Hofman, *op. cit.*

Cagli was the first acquisition of the Counts of Urbino in addition to their hereditary possessions of Montefeltro and Urbino.¹ In 1371 they were invited by the people of Cagli to supplant the usurping family of the Ceccardi, and were soon recognized as vassals of the Church for their new possession. This was in the time of Count Antonio, who died in 1404, after annexing Gubbio to his dominions in the same way. Cagli shared in the cultivation of the humanities introduced by the Montefeltrine Dukes, and had a printing-press established in 1476. Lanzi praises the paintings there by Sanzi, Timoteo della Vite, and others, which are described at length by Dennistoun. I regret not having seen Cagli to better advantage.

We started again at noon. Cantiano was the next place, a little town of which I have no distinct recollection. There is said to be a picture by Perugino in one of the churches, but we were pressed for time and could not stay to find it.

Beyond Cantiano we were in the heart of the Apennines, scaling the great backbone of Italy. The road began to climb steeply up the mountain-side with a deep valley below to the right and great mountains beyond. The weather now mended a little, and one was able to get out and walk, though still glad of a thick overcoat. The

¹ Ugolini, *Storia dei Duchi*.

scenery was wild and stern in the extreme, the hills, like most of the Apennines, bare of trees and consequently scoured by every little watercourse down to the bare rock or gravelly moraine. At the foot of this ascent, which takes the road to 2300 or 2400 feet above the sea, we pulled up according to custom at a cottage, whence a pair of oxen with yoke and ropes were brought and attached to the pole in front of our poor weary jades. Beautiful sleek satin-coated beasts these Italian oxen are, well-grown and ponderous, and capable of any amount of work if not driven beyond their natural pace, which is nearly as fast as a man would walk. Torrent beds scored the hillside to our left, crossed by handsome stone bridges, the most remarkable being the *Ponte a botte*, built by Fabri in 1805 by order of Pius VI., with a single arch 170 feet above the ravine and an "eye" above it, 65 feet in diameter, to raise it to the necessary height, whence the bridge takes its name.

At the top is La Schieggia, near which on Monte Petrara are remains of the temple of Jupiter Apenninus, the central shrine of Umbrian national religion. We did not stay to explore, and the distance from the route was probably considerable.

Here we left the Via Flaminia, and followed a side road over a pass on Monte Calvo, 3000 feet

above the sea, for the remaining eight miles to Gubbio. At the summit we crossed the watershed, leaving the Adriatic behind us, and entered a fine valley which cuts downwards towards the Mediterranean, increasing in interest as it descends. Nearer Gubbio the valley becomes a magnificent ravine, finer we thought than that of the Furlo Pass. High above us ran the line of the modern aqueduct by which Gubbio is supplied from sources farther up the mountains. At last the valley bends somewhat to the left, a lofty tower of the fortifications comes into view in the fork of the ravine, the mountains fall apart, and we find ourselves on the brow of a descent overlooking a spacious mountain-girt plain. The ancient Umbrian city lay close below us, piled on the side of Monte Ingino from the plain upwards to its crown of towers and the huge bulk of the Communal Palace and the Duomo, which dominate it in an unusually striking manner (Fig. 11). We soon reached the bottom of the descent and took up our quarters at the inn, which did not promise much, but seemed the best which the place afforded. And so ended a most interesting drive through the very heart of Italy, a strange wild country little known or visited by strangers.

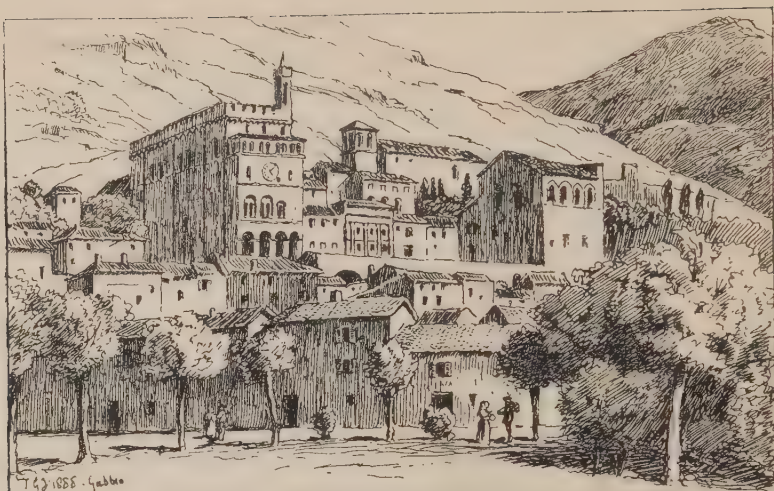


FIG. II.

CHAPTER XI

GUBBIO—THE DUOMO—DUCAL PALACE—PALAZZO DEI CONSOLI—PRETORIO

GUBBIO, the ancient Iguvium, an important Umbrian city, once extended much farther into the plain, where are to be seen the remains of a Roman theatre, and a curious tomb only recently discovered at the time of our visit. They are both in gardens and vineyards at some distance from the present town. Iguvium is mentioned by Cæsar as embracing his cause with such goodwill, when he was marching on Rome, that the Prætor Thermus, who held it, retired on the approach of Cæsar's lieutenant Curio, and was deserted by his soldiers on the way. It was

sacked by the Goths during Alaric's invasion. Avoiding Ravenna he followed the coast, passing through Rimini and ravaging as he went; and then turning inward through the Apennines, of which he found the passes unoccupied and the *Saxum intercisum*, Vespasian's *forulus*, neglected, he descended into Umbria and laid waste the fertile plains and prosperous towns of that province. Gubbio recovered from this disaster, though sadly diminished from its ancient size. At a later date it was threatened with destruction by Frederick Barbarossa, but saved by the intercession of the Bishop Ubaldo, who became its patron saint.

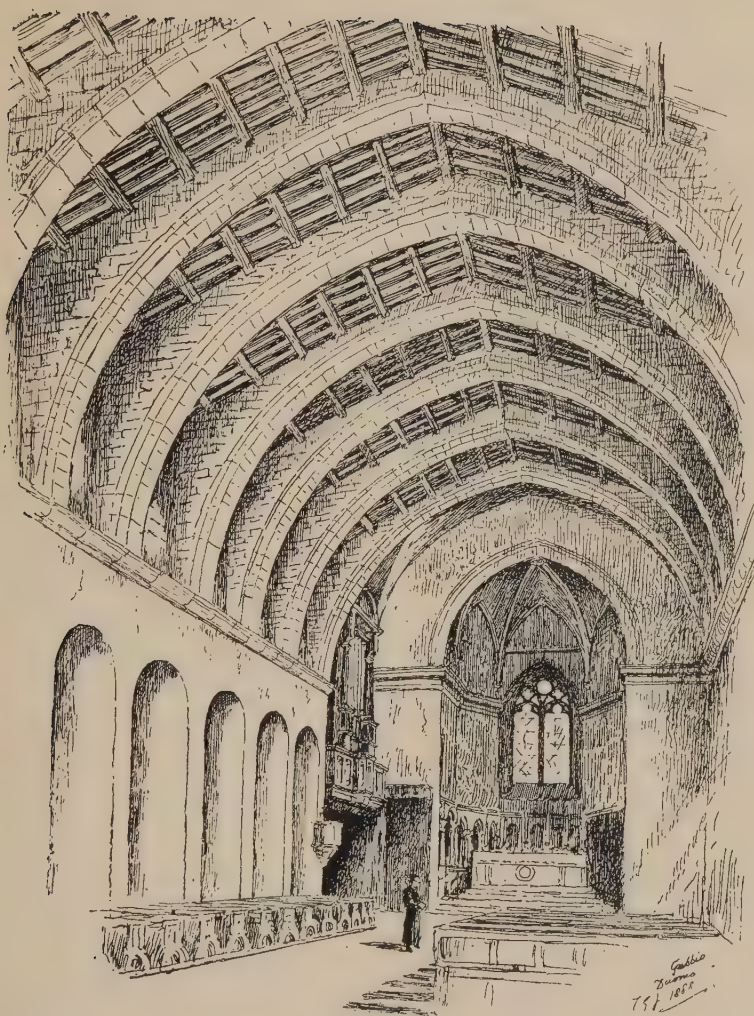
Gubbio was included in the Patrimony of St. Peter, but though subject to the overlordship of the Pope it seems to have enjoyed communal independence, whenever the popular liberties were not overridden by some powerful family. In 1377 Gubbio rebelled, together with Orte, Città di Castello, and Perugia, drove out the Papal Rectors, and proclaimed its independence. In 1378, however, its short-lived liberty came to an end, the Bishop of the powerful family of Gabrielli succeeding in making himself Signore. His power was, however, very insecure, and after having been driven away and restored with aid of the Malatesta, he sold his rights to the people for five thousand florins. A conspiracy to restore the

Gabrielli was detected, and the conspirators were imprisoned and massacred. In 1384 Francesco Angelo de' Carnevali was deputed to make terms with the Gabrielli, but instead of doing that he negotiated with Antonio, Count of Urbino, who was then at Cagli, and when his scheme was ripe he revealed it to the citizens and received their approval. The city was thenceforward incorporated with the territory of Urbino.¹

The Montefeltrini thus became lords of Cagli and Gubbio, and after a struggle of nine years they took Cantiano also from the Gabrielli. Boniface XI. welcomed Count Antonio as an obedient son of the Church, and established him by a new investiture in these towns, as well as in the former holdings of the family.

Piled up on the side of the mountain, some of the principal buildings in the upper town have their backs actually embedded in the hillside (Fig. 11). It is so with the CATHEDRAL, which has windows on one side only, that overlooking the town. The construction is peculiar: it consists of a simple nave about 140 feet by 42 feet, with a narrower apse at the end lighted by a two-light east window with geometrical tracery. It is divided transversely into ten bays by nine pointed arches of masonry carrying gabled walls

¹ Ugolini, *op. cit.*, who refers to the *Cronaca di Gubbio* in Muratori. He gives the terms of surrender and acceptance.



T. G. J.

GUBBIO.
THE DUOMO.

[To face p. 192.]

to support the roof, which consists of rafters resting on purlines laid from one gabled wall to another. The hill forms the abutment on the north side (Plate XIV.).

A small courtyard divides the Duomo from the DUCAL PALACE, and the doors of the two buildings face one another. The Palace, like the Duomo, is built against the hill, which absorbs what would have been the ground floor on the north side. The best rooms and the great hall overlook the city on the opposite side. Between the two blocks is a cortile surrounded by a colonnade on three sides, the fourth being occupied by the building that leans on the hill (Plate XV.). In design this cloistered cortile, though much smaller, is so exactly like that of the palace at Urbino that there can be no doubt of their being by the same hand; and if that at Urbino is by Luciano, as we have supposed, this too must be his.¹ There are the same Composite capitals on the columns, the same circles in the spandrels, the same flat pilasters in the angles at the end of each colonnade, and the same upper storey with flat pilasters between stone-cased windows, except that here the windows are decorated with arabesques on the frieze like those at Pesaro, while those at Urbino are plain. The colonnaded

¹ Like the palace at Urbino this at Gubbio has by some been attributed to Francesco di Giorgio. *Vide* Moroni, *Dizionario*, article *Gubbio*.

corridor is vaulted as at Urbino, with the same consoles in the back wall. The resemblance is complete, even to the quarter column on the back angle of the corner piers. The cortile at Gubbio is much smaller than that at Urbino, having only six arches on the long side, and three on the return wings that join it to the back building next the hill.

The doors and chimney-pieces everywhere have the initials F · D and the collar of the Garter with the motto *HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENSE*, and that of the Ermine of Naples, an order in which Federigo was an original member. His dukedom and his election to these two orders took place in 1474, which therefore gives a date when the bulk of the building was standing, though it seems to have been finished by the second Duke, Guidobaldo I., whose initials also occur.¹

The chimney-pieces are very good, and like those at Urbino. The arabesques are similar, and if perhaps not quite equal to those at Urbino, some allowance must be made for the decay of the stone in which they are carved, which is of an inferior quality. The capitals of the colonnade have suffered for the same reason.

The hall is terraced up on great vaults, which

¹ Duke Federigo is said to have begun it in 1471. Vespasiano mentions the *Casa d' Agobbio* as one of Federigo's buildings.



T. G. J.

GUBBIO.

CORTILE OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

[To face p. 194.]

have a public way through them from side to side. The hall windows are simple wide openings with pointed arches, and arabesqued architraves inside, with the same ovolo decoration as at Urbino; and in the same way they were once painted with a blue ground, and touched with gold. There are two fine chimney-pieces there, and the old doors remain pretty generally throughout the palace, with borders of intarsia, now all to pieces and mouldering into ruin. For the palace, where the gay courtiers of the Dukes once held their assemblies, is now degraded into a place for breeding silk-worms. The old shutters still hang in the windows, though ready to drop from their hinges; they are panelled outside, but the inside, which is flush-framed, was prettily painted with arabesques on the styles and rails, and little *putti* winged and with fluttering draperies in the panels. They are executed in light colour and white on a deep blue or black ground. The floors, like those at Urbino, are paved with reddish tiles stamped with a pattern, and I think perhaps once slightly glazed, though if so the glaze has been quite worn off.

It is remarkable that in the great hall, where the shutters still hang, there is no preparation for any glazing. The jambs are quite square and plain, with no reveal, and the shutters are accurately fitted to the inner edge of the opening.

The old accounts of Gubbio describe a small closet or cabinet made here for Duke Guidobaldo, with elaborate linings of intarsia. It was only 13 feet by $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, though 19 feet high. The ceiling was panelled with octagonal coffers, touched with gold. The intarsia was of rather a pictorial kind, with books, musical instruments, and quotations from the *Æneid*, among which occurred the famous lines:—

Stat sua cuique dies: breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus.

This cabinet was one of the attractions which had drawn me to Gubbio, but I sought in vain for any trace of it. Shortly after my return to England I happened to be at the South Kensington Museum with the Director, my friend Mr. Thomas Armstrong, and I told him of my disappointment. "Come downstairs," said he, "and I will show you part of it here," which he accordingly did. The writer in *Italia Artistica* says that "*lo stupendo Gabinetto di Pietro Angelo da Gubbio, vero capo-lavoro dell' arte dell' intaglio in legno*," is now in Rome in the house of Prince Lancellotti, who has irremediably spoilt it, and that two of the most beautiful chimney-pieces are at Florence.

Many of the palaces in Gubbio have interesting details, of which there are illustrations in the

pages of *Italia Artistica*. In particular, there is a fine chimney-piece in the Palazzo Benvenuti, and a beautiful door to the Palazzo della Porta.

The Ducal Palace is hidden away behind houses, and rather smothered by the Cathedral, and makes little show outwardly. The most striking building in Gubbio is the PALAZZO DEI CONSOLI, which towers with a mighty mass above everything. It is traditionally assigned to an architect of Gubbio, Matteo di Giovanello di Matteo, *detto* Gattapone, and is said to have been begun in 1332 and finished in 1348. Against this attribution to Gattapone are some lines in Lombardic lettering on the entrance doorway, which have been read, or misread, as follows:—

Anno milleno ter centum ter quoque deno
Ac bino ceptum fuit hoc opus indeque vectum
Est ubi completus hic arcus limine letus
Post ceptum cuius annus quinus fuit huius
Post ortum XPI numero credat et isti
Struxit et immensis hoc Angelus Urbsveterensis.¹

¹ This is how it is given in *Italia Artistica*. The Marchese Brancalone in his *Dei palazzi Municipali e Pretorio di Gubbio* reads the two last lines :

Post ortum Christi numero concordat et isti
Struxit et unus mensis Angelus Urbs Veterensis.

The last two lines are obviously corrupt in both readings. I regret not having seen and copied it myself. The same writer says the decree to build was passed in 1332, and that the architect was Messer Gianello Maffei *detto* Gattapone. Also that the palace was repaired and the upper hall vaulted in the sixteenth century.

The date 1332 is clear at all events, and the name Angelo of Orvieto, who it is said built the palace at Città di Castello. The question remains whether he is the architect of the whole palace or only of the doorway.

The building is terraced up on the hillside by several storeys to the level of the upper Piazza della Signoria, from which the great hall is entered. This occupies the whole of that floor, and is ceiled by a vast barrel vault, forming a very striking interior. Across one end wall rises a stair with a single ramp, and a solid dwarf wall and hand-rail by way of balustrade. It is entered at the foot by a sort of porch with a fresco painting, but is otherwise open to the hall. The effect of this is very fine. There was once a fireplace in a corner of the hall with a stone hood, but it is now destroyed. The window seats are high, and reached by stone steps, and they have the old shutters. The upper floor is vaulted and divided into five rooms by walls resting on the great vault below, which has no iron ties and no abutment but the enormously thick walls and the weight of the superstructure. At the end towards the town in a projecting building is an open loggia which is a very picturesque feature (*vide* Fig. 11, p. 190). Below it is an inclined plane, once continued to the lower town, by which the upper piazza could be

reached, but the part beyond the loggia is now removed.

The PALAZZO PRETORIO, or DELLA GIUSTIZIA, has been added to at different times. The original structure was very simple, consisting of several floors with in each a central column, whence vaults spread to the side walls. Here are preserved the famous Eugubian Tables. There are seven of them, of different sizes, five of them written on both sides. The characters on the first five are Etruscan, and read from right to left; the other two are in Latin of an obsolete form. Their engraving on bronze plates is beautifully clear and legible.

Gubbio produced many delightful artists, among whom Ottaviano Nelli, whose work ranges from 1400 to 1444, when it is supposed he died, interested me especially. Some of his pictures are extraordinarily beautiful, and he is certainly one of the most attractive of primitive Italian painters. He was the son of Martino Nelli, and was so little known to Lanzi that he calls him Ottaviano Martis, from a confusion with his patronymic, Martini.¹ Gentile da Fabriano is said to have been his pupil.

In Purgatory, among those penitents weighed down under loads of heavy stones who were purging the sinful pride of their lifetime, Dante

¹ Lanzi, ii. 23.

finds a friend from Gubbio, a great miniaturist, Oderisi, who twists himself under his burden, and sees and knows him and calls him by his name. Dante stoops to his level, face to face, and addresses him :¹

O, dissi lui, non se' tu Oderisi
L'onor d' Agubbio, e l'onor di quell' arte
Che *alluminare* è chiamata in Parisi?

Oderisi replies that the art of Franco Bolognese wins all the honour now. "Not so courteous should I have been in life, when my great desire was to excel, for which great pride I now pay the penalty."

Gubbio was famous also for majolica, that beautiful ware for which the Duchy of Urbino was renowned above all other parts of Italy. The name is said to be derived from the island of Majorca, where the art of glazing pottery had been introduced by the Moors. It was practised widely in Italy, especially throughout Tuscany and the Romagna, among other places at Faenza, whence we get the word *Faïence*. Pesaro seems the place where the art was first introduced into the Duchy of Urbino, and there, as I have said in a former chapter, it is still practised in an imitative way. It reached its highest perfection at Urbino between 1530 and 1560, but the potters of Gubbio excelled in the splendid lustrous glaze

¹ *Purg.*, xi. 79.

with iridescent lights which is one principal charm of the ware. Neither at Urbino, Gubbio, nor at Castel-Durante is anything of this kind now manufactured.

The district seems to have been swept pretty clean by various collectors, and we inquired in vain at Gubbio for specimens of old majolica ware. The news of our inquiry got about the town, and every one who had any fragment of painted pottery waylaid us in our walks, or pursued us to our inn. Two men stopped us in the street, each with one of the pretty pots that used to furnish the *farmacie* of Italian apothecaries. They stood out some time for an exorbitant price, and when one of them at last came down to my figure, his disappointed rival turned upon him and beat him. I used to be touched on the shoulder at dinner, and receive a mysterious communication that a certain Signore had something very important to show me. The something when produced from the wrappings of an old coloured handkerchief was generally a fragment, too imperfect to be worth having, or a very rough example of no great value. I think we must have been shown most of the broken crockery of Gubbio, and only succeeded in getting two or three pieces that were sound, but of little worth except as a reminiscence of a pleasant holiday, just then coming to an end.

Our inn was a great rambling place, almost on the scale of the giant's castle at Pesaro, but the company was select. Our only fellow-guests were a grave professor who did not talk much, and a Spanish conjurer who visited the cafés after dinner and sent the hat round for pence. This, he would have us believe, was a descent from what he was used to, for his practice had generally been in higher circles, and he had performed before all the courts of Europe. The Prince of Wales in particular, he said, loved him like a brother. He was rather amusing at first with his tricks at dinner: sticking wafers on the knife-blade and causing them to vanish and reappear like magic, and other performances of the kind. But his too close attention to the bottle at last made his company objectionable, and we took to dining in our room till one evening the maid came with a face of glee to say, "*Il prestidigitatore è partito*," after which the professor and we had the inn to ourselves.

From Gubbio a light narrow-gauge railway took us to Arezzo, where we joined the main line to Florence on our way home, and so brought to a conclusion our holiday in Umbria.

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